

WHY THE THINGS
YOU BUY
DON'T LAST

A report on planned obsolescence
BY ALAN PHILLIPS

COVER BY PETER WHALLEY

12 days of Christmas | Stephen Potter's Gamesmanship
The raffish tradition of the college football weekend

MACLEAN'S

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Is this still all you have for Cousin Willie?

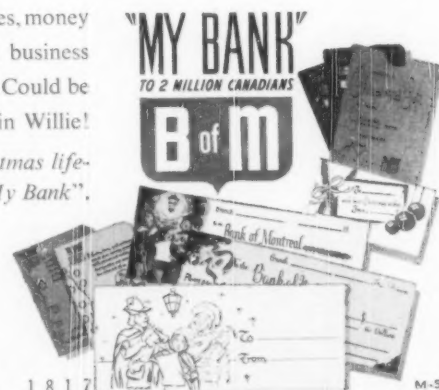
Now comes the season of desperation. What to get for the "Cousin Willies"—those hard-to-buy-for people whose names now haunt gift lists with Christmas shopping days dropping steadily, one by one. Before making a last-minute dash for a wildly improbable gift—take a look at the Bank of Montreal's Christmas features. There

are attractive passbooks for youngsters and babies, money orders, and special cheques for personal and business presents—all gift-wrapped for Christmas giving. Could be one of these would be just right for *your* Cousin Willie!

P.S. You'll find this complete line of Christmas life-savers at your neighbourhood branch of "My Bank".

BANK OF MONTREAL
Canada's First Bank

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817



M-51

Illegal housing — the problem no one wants to solve

IN NEARLY EVERY MAJOR CITY in Canada, there are people living in illegal quarters. Some of them live as second or third families in houses defined by law as single-family dwellings, others in multiple-family dwellings to which suites have been added beyond the legal limit. In most cases rents are cheap for accommodation that doesn't fulfill city specifications.

In Vancouver, the Association of Rooming House Operators sets the number of such families at 25,000. In Edmonton, a survey turned up 4,565 illegal suites, but a city hall officer said 10,000 would be a better guess. In Montreal, there are at least 4,000. In Toronto, one city hall estimate is that 80,000 people live in such apartments; the reeve of suburban North York has said that one of every ten multiple-family dwellings in his community contains illegal apartments.

This is the problem no one wants to solve.

In most cities it arose during World War II, when, to accommodate the thousands of workers and families moving from farm areas to cities, the federal government issued an order saying anyone who wanted to could share his dwelling. Though most cities stamped every permit for conversion with a notice that the home must be turned back to one-family use at the end of the war, many converted homes were sold (some for revenue purposes) and often the new owners didn't know their extra apartments would be illegal.

Not all illegal apartments have been built, or have survived, so innocently. Some were installed because of greed. In North York last fall, a contractor got a

building permit for an apartment house with thirty-two suites, plus extras of large playrooms, laundry rooms and storerooms. But when inspectors checked the finished building they found thirty-nine apartments and no play-, laundry or showrooms.

Whether they've survived through greed or ignorance, these apartments are blots on the charts of city planners — for a number of reasons.

✓ **They jam the schools:** Schools are built, and rate-payers taxed, on the basis of zoning laws. When illegal, undetected apartments crowd an area, the schools can't handle the additional students.

✓ **They speed deterioration:** Vancouver's housing coordinator, Ray Colborn, was brought up in the Kitsilano area — "a desirable area then." But now, he says, because of illegal conversions (many of them since made legal by city council policy) there are "ugly fire escapes, butter boxes in the windows for refrigeration, hundreds of parked cars plugging streets, dozens of garbage cans, peeling paint and uncut grass."

✓ **They lead to the bilking of buyers:** Many buildings with illegal apartments are sold to persons who don't realize there's anything wrong.

That's the main reason no one wants to clamp down too hard.

Edmonton city council announced this summer that it would abolish illegal suites, cracking down first on the most recently built and working back to the older ones. Yet by mid-November there had been no prosecutions; council is waiting for the passage of a new zoning bylaw.

So far, in fact, the main result of the Edmonton action has been the formation of a group called the

Civic Rights Protective Association, largely formed of people who own or rent illegal suites, to plead the other side.

What *can* be done? Most cities have bylaws allowing fines up to \$300 a violation, but few enforce them rigidly. In Windsor, where about twenty people a year are charged, no one's been fined more than \$50 for years, and for every person charged, building commissioner Patrick Maguire estimates, nine other cases are settled with a stern warning.

Vancouver has launched the most detailed plan for dealing with illegal suites. It's aimed at wiping them all out in ten years. One newly hired inspector will concentrate on speeding prosecution of violators. Two others will keep a close eye on all new building projects. A fourth will check 1,500 homes where people have been ordered to take out illegal suites.

An illegal accommodation built in Vancouver since 1956 must be taken out immediately. The rest will be rated from very poor to good. Very poor suites must be out in 90 days. Good accommodation may be licensed for ten years.

Meanwhile, Vancouver council is applying to the legislature for permission to hike its \$100 maximum fine to \$500. But even in Vancouver the solution won't be easy. Letters to editors poured in after council announced its new policy. One typical one talked of "an old man living out his declining years in one room with stores and buses handy, with a circle of friends close by . . . (who) will be driven into the street."

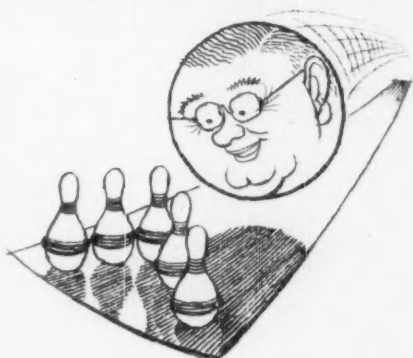
And one city official added: "The government will simply have to provide enough low-income units before we completely solve the illegal-suite problem."

Can Roy Thomson bowl the British over with fivepins?

NOW THAT E. P. TAYLOR has made major purchases in the British brewing industry, another Canadian millionaire is making a determined bid to take over the other half of Britain's traditional beer and skittles. The second Canadian is Roy Thomson, Britain's biggest newspaper publisher and chairman of Scottish Television. As of this month Thomson is pushing fivepin bowling, one of Canada's most popular games, into Great Britain.

Tenpin bowling is a year old in England; it was introduced by the J. Arthur Rank Organization and Associated British Cinemas in 1959 to make use of abandoned movie theatres.

Other kinds of bowling are older there than in North America (and even older elsewhere; signs of similar games have been found in Egyptian ruins). Skittles, the British form, was exported to the U.S. in the 18th century and caught on as ninepin bowling. Ninepins became popular as a gambling game — so popular that many states outlawed it. A wily addict found a way around the law by adding another pin and the tenpin game became more popular than skittles has ever been in the U.K.



In 1909, the Toronto Bowling Club sought a faster game and Thomas J. Ryan, then a young Toronto businessman, invented the fivepin game that's now played by more than a million Canadians on more than 16,000 alleys.

That's the game Roy Thomson is starting in the U.K. In partnership with Double Diamond Bowling Supply Ltd. of Toronto, Thomson's Scottish Television opened Scotland's first bowling alleys on Dec. 15. With the fivepin game's cheaper equipment, Thomson's alleys at East Kilbride, near Glasgow, can charge much lower prices than the English tenpin promoters. Thomson had the shipment of Canadian-made equipment met by Paul McLane, Canadian trade commissioner, and as special attractions he billed Canadians Marg Bentley, a grandmother who recently was named TV Bowling Queen of 1960, and Don Walker, perhaps the nation's best bowler. They'll stay in East Kilbride for a few months to teach the new game.

If Thomson's project catches on, he'll move into other cities in the U.K. Judging by the success of the tenpin game, Thomson is a cinch. British women's magazines have taken to running fashion spreads for bowling — including one by the elegant Cecil Beaton for Thomson's Sunday Times, featuring mannequins in satin and lace holding — unmistakably — fivepin balls. —CATHY PERKINS

A real national daily / Masks for kid goalies / Boy-meets-girl parties

CANADA'S FIRST NATIONAL NEWSPAPER may actually be the Globe and Mail—which has been calling itself national for years, even though it's published in Toronto and distributed, in small numbers, to distant points by air mail. Publisher Oakley Dalgleish is now negotiating to buy a British-made facsimile transmitter (which makes printing plates by a process somewhat like the wire transmission of photographs). It would enable the Globe to publish a fresh morning edition clear across the country. Facsimile transmission, perhaps the most important news about newspapers since the telegraph, is already being used in Japan.

WHAT HAPPENS TO NATURE when a slope is cleared of trees? The fact that we don't know all the answers to that question has been a stumbling block in man's efforts to control his environment. This winter, a team of federal and provincial government scientists, engineers and technicians, in what is known as the Eastern Rockies Watershed

Management Research project, will chop down trees on mountain slopes in patterns that will control the runoff of melting snow. They hope to get some clue on the effects on hunting, fishing, soil erosion and perhaps most important, flood and drought control.

MORE AMATEUR HOCKEY GOALIES may wear masks à la Jacques Plante, whether or not Plante is talked out of wearing his. Bill Burchmore, a young executive for Fiberglas Canada Ltd., who designed Plante's mask, has pushed through a scheme to sell similar models for kids. The amateur model (about \$20 a copy) will have a little more padding and won't be quite so well fitted.

TRADE-IN HOUSES are the newest gimmick in real estate but there's still considerable doubt whether the practice will catch on. Faced with a surplus of new homes, a few Toronto realtors are accepting trade-ins. But, says the Toronto Real Estate Board, people with old houses have to let the dealers have

them under the market value. As soon as the building boom levels off, there'll be a bigger demand for old houses and, instead of trading, people moving to new houses will be able to sell for cash.

GARDEN FERTILIZER may soon come in plastic capsules that allow nutrients to seep slowly into the soil, giving help when it's needed, and producing season-long uniform growth.

BOY WILL MEET GIRL OFTEN in a couple of our biggest cities if a New York club called the Cliff Dwellers' Deviltry & Diversion Society completes a planned invasion of Canada. The Cliff Dwellers started two years ago to arrange mass pay-as-you-go parties — cocktail, theatre, ski, swim — where lonely young apartment-dwellers could mingle. The plan spread across the U.S. and this fall a delegation of New Yorkers arranged the first Cliff Dweller's party in Toronto. Next targets are Montreal and Vancouver.

BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

The PM's problem: how to keep his party moving left

THE DEBATE NOW RAGING in the House of Commons conceals what historians may come to classify as one of the most significant events in Canadian political history: the testing of the Tory party's traditions.

The central figure in this trial is John Diefenbaker. But here he doesn't wear the robes of prime minister. He carries his other vestment of office — that of party leader, a much less publicized but equally heavy mantle.

Last month's Speech from the Throne and the debates that have followed mark a vital turning point in Diefenbaker's twenty-year struggle to reorient the economic, social, racial and ideological principles of his party. This session's legislative proposals transcend to an unprecedented degree the most sacred of Tory tenets: that it is wrong for a people to cast the responsibility for their personal prosperity on to the state.

Diefenbaker's struggle with the reactionaries of his party — who still make up the great majority of its organized element — is prompted not only by his passionate determination to remain in office at least until after the 1967 Centennial celebrations; in his view the very survival of the party he heads is at stake.

In four general elections Diefenbaker watched the Conservatives being denied power because of leaders and policies identified in the public mind with a philosophy that, to him, appeared outdated. He smashed that hurdle in the 1957 campaign by adopting liberal ideas and ignoring Tory traditions.

But this didn't solve his problem within the party. Most of the MPs swept into power with Diefenbaker were faceless men. To form even a weak cabinet, he was forced to include many of his ideological adversaries. Of the twenty-four ministers now in the Diefenbaker cabinet, only six supported him actively during his contest for the party leadership in 1956. Eight others did vote for him, but as bandwagon-hoppers, not as disciples.

Nearly all his ministers have since become loyal followers of the man who gave them their power. But they haven't been converted. Diefenbaker remains convinced that without him the Conservative party would quickly swing back to its George Drew format and, in his opinion, more decades of political oblivion. He is therefore attempting not only to govern the country, but at the same time to reform the thinking in his own ranks.

Out of this reformation — gradually and still below the level of public attention — is emerging an entirely new philosophy of Canadian Conservatism. It's an ideology not yet sufficiently evolved to warrant more than a statement of its governing principle, lacking even coherent and continuing expression in Diefenbaker's own speeches. But its main theme can be isolated by looking back to the Liberalism of Mackenzie King, particularly his policies of social welfare.

During the three years of Conservative rule, over-all welfare payments (excluding Unemployment Insurance and veterans' benefits) have gone up 63 percent. Not much new welfare legislation has been introduced, but Diefenbaker's approach has been basically different. While King's social welfare measures were designed to fill demonstrated needs, Diefenbaker has claimed to be giving Canadians help that it is their right to expect. He talks always of social justice, never of social welfare. It's social welfare to get help when you need it; it's social justice to be brought up to the

same economic level as your "fellow Canadians" for a chance to compete in this country's development.

This change in emphasis, as slight as it may seem, reveals the very soul of Diefenbaker's political strength. He has appropriated to himself the cry from every underdeveloped section of the country's population — a cry not for charity or special privileges, but for an equalization of opportunity within the Canadian confederation.

He is really the leader of a prairie protest movement that managed to become national.

Out of his principle of social justice flows the Diefenbaker theme of national development. The northern "Vision" of the 1957 campaign was a vote-catching gimmick, but out of it came the belief that the cost of the nation's social capital is being borne by too few people. Diefenbaker wants to extend the sharing of these costs by investing government funds into areas that eventually feed money back to the federal treasury. This stream of income can then be channeled into more "social justice" payments.

It is only in this context that the current campaign against American investment in Canada gets its real meaning. Diefenbaker and his advisers recognize that sovereignty in the geopolitical sense can only harm our economy. But a lively economic nationalism that pushes more domestic investment funds into tax-producing enterprises can eventually raise revenues for still more "social justice."

The legislation being debated this session clearly shows that Diefenbaker is determined to push the government into areas formerly occupied exclusively by private enterprise. Because he dislikes bankers and doesn't think they've been properly looking after the needs of small business, he has injected Ottawa into this type of money-lending on a grand scale.

All this doesn't mean that Diefenbaker has repudiated private enterprise. It does mean that he is determined to make the role of government in the public-enterprise sector equally enterprising. That's why he recently set up a royal commission to streamline civil service procedures.

Diefenbaker's rejection of Tory traditions is complete.

There are even whispers that he may change the name of his following to the National Conservative party, as a symbolic cutting away of more orthodox Tories.

Diefenbaker has already managed to whittle down the influence of the old guard within the party organization by pushing through a new constitution that has significantly widened the voting base for future leadership conventions. Instead of the previous system under which there were only two hundred eligible ballots representing the party hierarchy, fifteen hundred representatives of every constituency and all age groups now vote on party business.

He's having greater difficulties within the House of Commons caucus. While the landslide proportions of the 1958 mandate might make it appear that as prime minister he would have freedom to govern the country exactly as he wishes, there has never been a more motley crew of politicians in any party.

The Conservative parliamentary caucus includes every shade of political opinion from two former lieutenants of Adrien Arcand, the leader of the pre-war fascist National Unity party, to one Conservative



MP (recently promoted to a senior cabinet job) who campaigns in his home constituency almost entirely on a platform of state medicine that would do away with "the evil power of the doctors."

Diefenbaker is desperately trying to reconcile the views represented by his caucus, without being able to count on his many adversaries in cabinet to promote the existence of a Conservative party cast in his own image as a radical reform group. His rush to the left is forcing the Liberals into an unpalatable option. They must either move ever further left and compete for votes with the new CCF-labor party, or they must oppose the socialization of the Conservative party, which would place them on its right.

Party strategists have been urging Mike Pearson to make the jump to the left while there is still some manoeuvring room left in this crowded section of the Canadian political spectrum. But the Liberal leader's hesitation has been interpreted by the country's businessmen as a repudiation of this advice.

The Liberals will hammer their ideology into coherence at the national rally they plan for Ottawa in January. Meanwhile any clear definition of the differences between Canada's main political parties is impossible. One attempt was made recently by Jack Pickersgill, the Liberal front-bencher who remains Diefenbaker's most effective critic. "The real Tory," said Pickersgill, "believes he has a hereditary right to govern. The real socialist thinks the virtuous should govern. The real Liberal believes everybody who isn't in the penitentiary has an equal right with everybody else to have a say in governing the country." ★

BACKGROUND

A housewife's battle against religion in the classroom

HOW MUCH RELIGION — and what kind — should be taught in public schools? That question has been answered in a different way in almost every province in Canada. The answers range from P.E.I.'s strict limit of reading the Lord's Prayer in class to Manitoba's current concern with a royal commission recommendation that not one but three types of religion — Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish — be taught in every school.

All but one base their practice on department of education edicts, or even those of the local school board. Only one province has legislation covering the question — Ontario, where George Drew's government passed a law in 1944.

Ontario is also the scene of the nation's most colorful fight about religion in the schools.

The leading fighter is Mrs. Doris Dodds, a housewife in the prosperous Toronto suburb of Etobicoke.

Mrs. Dodds has been working to change the practice in Etobicoke almost since she moved there in 1958. Her fury was first roused when there was a move to extend religious education from the public schools, where Drew's law says it can be taught, into the high schools, which are not covered by the legislation. She succeeded in heading that move off, but failed in her bid to have religion taken out of the public schools altogether.

Sympathizers soon joined her cause, and Mrs. Dodds formed a committee. That committee has since grown into the Ethical Education Association, with 200 members in four chapters in Toronto and one in Lon-

don, Ont., and is now busily working on a province-wide brief to the minister of education. It will propose repealing Drew's law.

Meanwhile, the EEA has joggled the school board into making sure that fifth-graders have parental consent before they accept New Testaments from the Gideons.

The EEA has also succeeded in stopping the Etobicoke Ministerial Association from distributing "Church and School Week" pamphlets throughout the schools. The pamphlet drew the EEA's ire by saying "the best life is centred on Jesus Christ and the fellowship of the Christian church."

Doris Dodds is a Unitarian. She and her doctor-husband chose Etobicoke because of its exceptional program for bright children, in which their son is now enrolled. She could hardly have chosen a less likely place to start a scuffle over religious education.

Of the 25,000 pupils in the public school system, about 750 are listed as Roman Catholic and only 64 as Jewish, with a smattering of Seventh Day Adventists, Jehovah's Witnesses and Mormons. Though Ontario's legislation states that any child or any class can be exempted from the twice-weekly sessions of religious teaching, until Mrs. Dodds began agitating a little over a year ago virtually no one had; and even after the formation of the EEA, only about 50 children have asked for exemption.

But that, reasons Doris Dodds, is not the point: "you can't single out a child as different, you'll ostracize him."

The Ministerial Association has not been acquiescent. When the EEA sent a brief on Etobicoke to the department of education, the ministers answered with a three-page brief supporting their practice — "what we believe to be the opinion of the overwhelming majority of our citizens." Ministers have asked their congregations to write to their school board and at least one has criticized Mrs. Dodds' association from his pulpit.

The Rev. R. Arthur Steed, a United Church minister who conducts some of the schoolroom religious classes, puts the ministers' side this way: "It is important that children of all religions accept the fact that this is a country with a Christian culture. We protect the rights of the minority but the rights of the minority must not become so important that they overrule the rights of the majority." As for the EEA's objection to singling out a child of minority faith as being different from his classmates, Steed says: "I don't feel a seven-year-old child is aware of being isolated."

Even though they've already accomplished most of what they can reasonably be expected to do — put the minorities' case firmly and publicly and made certain the safeguards of the law are enforced — Mrs. Dodds and the EEA are determined to keep fighting. They'd still like to see religious teaching taken right out of the schools.

"In a democracy," Mrs. Dodds has said, "the state cannot say which ideology is better. We want public schools. We have Protestant schools."

An old-fashioned blast against new-fashioned turkey

IF I WAKE UP on Boxing Day with my usual bout of Christmas liverishness I shall have to exercise all my reserves of self control to refrain from picking up the nearest gift hockey stick and taking off after certain men in white coats. I am speaking of those agricultural Frankenstein's who during the past fifteen years have transformed our traditional Christmas fare — turkey, chicken, goose and duck — into table birds that have the appearance, texture and taste of a toast-watermelon.

What has happened to those noble tom turkeys of my youth, the long, lean big cousins of the pheasant that used to run up to forty pounds in weight and came to my family's table redolent of the wild autumn berries on which they'd fed in ditch, hedgerow and copse? Where have they gone, those crackling cockerels, capons and big fat hens that filled our Christmas season with the appetizing aroma of poultry raised on a natural diet of corn and grit? When shall we taste again those geese and duck that had enriched their flesh on the succulent life that swims in pond and stream?

Only a few crop or cattle farms, where poultry is raised largely for the consumption of the family, can offer such birds to the retailers nowadays.

Elsewhere, edible birds are produced like plastic buttons in establishments the Europeans contemptuously call "batteries." I remember some years ago a man delivering a Christmas turkey to my home and saying with pride: "Its feet have never touched the

ground." I felt like reporting him to the Humane Society. That poor mushroom-colored puffball, deriving its overblown breast, withered wings and stumpy legs from a mating of abnormal ancestors, had never known a broody mother or a nest.

It broke shell in a hotbox with a hundred thousand others of its kind on the split second of a pre-arranged timetable. It was confined at once to an indoor rectangular box, about the size of a child's sandpit.

As it grew, more and more of its kin were removed to other boxes, but my young turkey never had any more wing room or air because those left with it were equally developed.

Every day, down a channel, ran a porridge of skim milk and oats and though this food was alien to its palate it ate, for there was nothing else to eat. As a change of diet it got a dose of antibiotics. Thus it took on the listless adiposity that thousands of indiscriminating people mistake for plumpness.

At twelve weeks, or thereabouts, without ever seeing the sky or a green leaf, or hearing the song of other birds, my four-and-a-half-pound turkey was killed and plucked by machines.

It was just the right size for a mean little modern stove in a mean little modern kitchen. When roasted it looked as rotund and tidy and colorful as the birds you see in the advertisements that are decked around mean little recipes in mean little magazines. And the slices tasted like bits of wet blanket dipped in hot bicycle oil.

Geese and ducks are now being raised for the table on these so-called scientific lines. So are chickens, even those that are allowed to live a little longer for the sake of the eggs. The supermarkets, restaurants and many small groceries now buy these birds in such quantities that the people in the western world are already forgetting what real poultry tastes like.

This year I'm going to hunt around the small groceries for a turkey, chicken, goose or duck that bears some such label as Free Range Bird, meaning that it's been brought up healthily on a farm, not spewed out of a factory. It will cost me twice as much as a Battery Bird but it will help me to sustain the spirit of Christmas.

—MCKENZIE PORTER



FOOTNOTES

About the economy's health: According to aspirin manufacturers, aspirin sales go down when the economy is up and vice versa. Right now, you'll be pleased to know, sales are well below their high during the recession year of 1958.

About our national emblem: Beaver? Maple leaf? Down with 'em, says Dr. B. F. Currie, head of physics at the University of Saskatchewan, and up with the Northern Lights. Currie, one of the world's top authorities on

the aurora borealis, says they're much closer to being exclusively ours than any flora or fauna—largely because they're seen more clearly from Canada than from anywhere else. The very best view: Along a line going roughly from Churchill to the Mackenzie valley.

About executive aircraft: They're becoming so numerous that servicing them and their passengers is becoming a profitable business. First into the field was Sky Service Centres, whose first building, at Montreal's Dorval Airport, offers a private conference room, lounge, catering facilities and

inter-city communications for executives, and fuel and lubrication for the planes.

About broke undergraduates: At Queen's University, Kingston, they can now borrow \$5, interest free, to tide them over between cheques from home. The only limit is no second loan till the first one's paid back.

About roofs: The British have an eye on ours — at least the Dorset Master Thatchers' Association has. After a visit to Canada this fall, the secretary of the DMTA reported to his fellows that "many Canadians are interested

in thatched roofs. There's a great opportunity over there."

About status: A British study of 341 saleswomen in department stores shows they don't think they rank as highly in the status scale as girls in factories. Why? Factories pay more attention to physical comfort and cleanliness.

About ulcers: Chronic alcoholics, even those leading "irregular" lives, don't (according to a recent study in Ontario) suffer ulcers or ulcer attacks any more frequently or severely than the general population.

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: Happy holiday to the H-bomb submariners, and peace to all

OF THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGES we have seen this year the most striking is that of Vice-Admiral Elton Grenfell, commander of U. S. submarine forces, Atlantic, to the hundred-man crew of the new atomic submarine George Washington, who will be spending the birthday of Jesus somewhere beneath the surface of the North Atlantic. According to the Associated Press, Admiral Grenfell expressed the hope that because of the George Washington's Yuletide mission, "the annual Christmas theme of peace this year may really have a true significance."

Truly, a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver (Proverbs XXV, 11). The George Washington carries sixteen Polaris missiles, all armed with hydrogen warheads. By the official estimate of the U. S. Navy, their firepower is equal to that of all the bombs dropped during World War II, but this estimate probably errs on the side of caution. To get a true appraisal of the George Washington's armament, we must imagine the bombs that levelled Tokyo and Berlin, Rotterdam and Coventry, Stalingrad and Pearl Harbor, not to mention Hiroshima and Nagasaki, all going off *at once*, and leaving behind a radioactive dew to poison whatever bits of God's green earth may have escaped the vaporizing flame.

That is the authentically modern note, in this belated introduction of "true significance" into the season of peace on earth, good will toward men. Other recent manifestations would strike our ancestors as familiar, perhaps even trite. The "treason" trial of twenty-nine

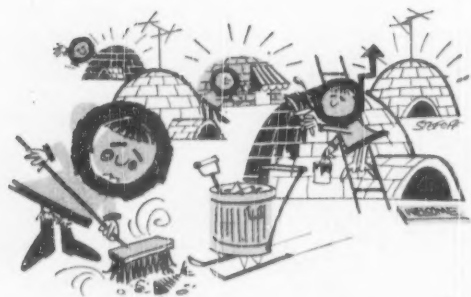
South Africans, which enters its fifth and final year this month, is a case in point. It would have been perfectly intelligible to King Herod, the monarch who was compelled by high policy and considerations of national security to protect the Judean state against the subversive infants of Bethlehem. Torquemada would have understood it too, and so would the four loyal knights who, obedient to their king's command, spent another Yuletide planning the murder of St. Thomas Becket (see Page 16).

But only in 1960 could such a vessel as the George Washington go forth on such a Christmas mission to "contribute (in the felicitous words of Admiral Arleigh Burke) to the salvation of civilization."

In the future, no doubt, we shall contrive even greater exploits of doublethink. George Orwell wrote the appendix to his novel 1984, "The Principles of Newspeak," as recently as 1948. In those twelve short years we have already made great progress in developing what John Kenneth Galbraith has called "the word-fact," namely the creation of a fact not previously true by the simple act of assertion. Orwell, if he had lived, would be proud of us. No doubt we shall continue to improve.

Meanwhile, though, there are certain more humdrum realities which can be obscured but not dispelled by the use of word-facts. We wish a Merry Christmas to the crew of the George Washington — but not so merry as to joggle their cargo.

MAILBAG: Frobisher Bay's gaily-painted suburb / Economy menus for economic victims



I FIND IT REGRETTABLE and in rather bad taste that while on his way to favorably publicize Cape Dorset, (Weekend on Baffin Island, Nov. 19) McKenzie Porter should, on a few days' visit and in a few succinct paragraphs, paint such a deplorable picture of Frobisher Bay. Sure we have our problems and, as the Anglican missionaries here, my husband and I are deeply concerned, as are many other families in our community, both Eskimos and white people. Had he stayed long enough to find out, Mr. Porter would have known that we are not all bad. All the pretty girls aren't prostitutes, all the men aren't drunkards and although Lower Base lathe buildings are far from glamorous outside they can't be classed as huts. The streets are *not* littered with garbage and if he wanted gaily painted houses he obviously didn't visit Apex Hill. I realize that he didn't say specifically that all the people were in a lower ebb of life but the innuendos were glaring.

—MRS. B. GILBERTSON, FROBISHER BAY, N.W.T.

Advice for the "invisible unemployed"

On reading *The Invisible Unemployed* (Nov. 19) it occurred to me that there is a vast amount of help for these unfortunate people in the memories of those who have lived through the shortages of two wars and the depression of the 30s. How did we manage? What

did we do? We learned to "Use it up, wear it out, make it do!" We learned to double up on living accommodation. This was not always agreeable, but we did it. Studio couches sold well while other furniture sales were at a standstill. We rented rooms. We took in boarders. We exchanged ideas. . . . Some people established children's clothing exchanges. Outgrown clothing was exchanged or sold for a small sum. . . .

—MRS. D. B. SHUTT, GUELPH, ONT.

✓ I have never read a more satirical article on "distress" (American style). The only ones deserving sympathy are the elderly couple who apparently always lived within their means. How did the others get into their unpleasant situation? By following the traditional pattern:

- when single, spend all your earnings;
- get married whenever you feel like it, even if the couple has no money to pay for the wedding cake or their bed nor anything else;
- buy the furniture on payments;
- buy luxuries (TV, radio, phonograph, chesterfield, car) on payments;
- have children whether or not you have any security;
- never learn how to manage a household economically.—A. J. SMITS, MANOTICK, ONT.

✓ If the woman with the jobless husband is so sick of hamburger may I suggest that she could make a choice variety of nourishing and tastier meals for much less money. According to my local store I see that mincemeat for hamburger is 45c a pound. For 39c a pound you can buy a rack of lamb, pork liver, and beef kidney. For 35c, a country sausage. For 29c, pork heart, pickled beef, and brisket of beef. For 19c, stewing veal or lamb chop cuttings. Look at the menu: MONDAY: Roast stuffed heart with apple; TUESDAY: New England boiled dinner (corned beef and cabbage); WEDNESDAY: Beef and kidney pie; THURSDAY: Liver and sausage; FRIDAY: Veal ragoût; SATURDAY: Broiled brisket of beef; SUNDAY: Roast rack of lamb. —ERIC ALDWINCKLE, TORONTO.

✓ There is no more extravagant buy than sliced cooked packaged ham. To satisfy my curiosity, I went to

the supermarket and for the price of a pound of cooked ham I bought an end of a smoked picnic ham. With the bone I made a pot of thick pea soup (split peas, 17c). I baked a pan of whole wheat rolls—this made a hearty lunch for 12. I cut some chunks of the meat and made a pot of baked beans, adding molasses, onion, catsup, etc., etc. To give the right touch, I steamed some Boston brown bread (very cheap and delicious) which made a filling meal for eight. I minced some of the remaining meat, added salad dressing, mustard, etc., and with fresh pumpnickel bread made sandwiches, with homemade pickles and coffee, a good lunch for six. With the remainder of the ham, which I shredded, I made a country omelette, adding cubed boiled potatoes, eggs (large cracks, 28 cents a dozen), parsley, etc.—a good dinner for six.—LILLIAN HALEY, STEVESTON, B.C.

✓ I'm sure the article, *The rich come out of hiding*, soothed the frustrated feelings of the "invisible unemployed." It seems strange to me that men and women who have the brains and desire to make all that money lose their minds figuring out new and ridiculous ways to get rid of it, while the unfortunate probe their minds for ways to get hold of some honestly.—HARRY ORNSTON, TORONTO.

Our "distorted opinion" of car racing

The article by June Callwood entitled *The Fatal Fascination of Car Racing* (Nov. 19) has performed an irreparable disservice to motorsports in Canada. Coming at a time when many hundreds of spectators, automobile sport club members, business firms and racing drivers have dug deep into their pockets to finance what they hope will be North America's finest Grand Prix racing course at Mosport Park, and before the public has had an opportunity to see the results of this expenditure, the distorted opinions in this article could have a serious effect on the success of this fine sport in Canada.—DAVE VERITY, BURLINGTON, ONT.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 59



this Christmas

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You'll see it, everywhere you shop this Christmas . . . wonderful, delectable "Pot of Gold" by Moirs . . . now so special a Gift, regardless of size! The same delicious quality — same glamorous appearance . . . whether it's the ultra-impressive five-pound package or a generous three, two or one pound box. And now — cherish the thought! — neat, memento-sized half and quarter-pounders . . . supreme small touches to sweeten many a holiday moment! Whatever the size, one or another of all these is bound to be just right for each of the special-gift people on your list!

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CHOCOLATES



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An explorer of the Antarctic once lived alone for weeks in this kind of silence. And later he wrote that he missed nothing so much as the voices of friends, and countless other sounds that we hear daily.

If your hearing is good now, how can you help keep it that way throughout life? Equally important, what can you do to protect your children's hearing?

Most symptoms of ear trouble in adults are easily recognized—straining to hear low-pitched conversations, feelings of fullness or congestion, ringing or buzzing sounds in the ears. Any one of these symptoms should be investigated by your physician.

It's harder to tell when a child's hearing is affected. But there are signs that should alert parents. Inattention, a tendency to shyness, a desire to be alone and

inability to pronounce words properly—all these may indicate a hearing difficulty.

Should any of these signs appear, a child's hearing should be tested. Moreover, it's advisable to have a child's ears examined after measles, chicken pox, mumps, whooping cough, swollen adenoids and a sore throat from any cause—even though there are no symptoms of ear trouble.

Ear infections are no longer the serious problem they once were—thanks to the antibiotic drugs. When given promptly, these drugs usually bring rapid cure. And surgery is of great benefit to many people in middle and later life afflicted with chronic progressive deafness.

Your best protection against ear troubles at all ages lies in regular tests of your hearing and prompt treatment at the first sign of any difficulty in hearing.

Metropolitan Life

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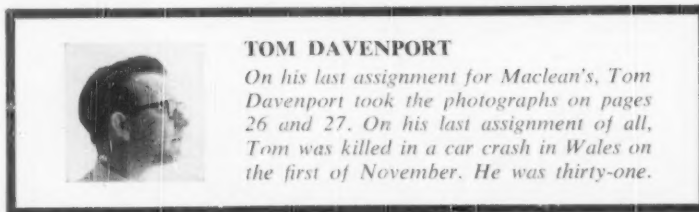
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TOM DAVENPORT

On his last assignment for Maclean's, Tom Davenport took the photographs on pages 26 and 27. On his last assignment of all, Tom was killed in a car crash in Wales on the first of November. He was thirty-one.

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For the sake of argument



REV. W. E. MANN SAYS

We have one last chance to redeem Christmas

Canadians are about to toss half a billion dollars into the annual spending spree that takes place at the time Christians celebrate the birth of the Saviour. The money will be lavished on food and drink, greeting cards and gifts—toys, gadgets, knickknacks and assorted "luxuries" of dubious utility.

Many Canadians will gain nothing from this outlay but indigestion, hangovers and a houseful of unwanted and soon-broken junk. It's a poor bargain for \$500,000,000. I'd like to suggest a better one.

My proposal is that we should spend a lot less on liquor and frills, and put the money saved into the most vital investment in the world today: the support of those Asian and African nations that are both poor and uncommitted.

In our struggle to win these nations over to our side, the hour is desperately late. Like Scrooge, we have for years done too little to deserve their goodwill; like Scrooge's change of heart, a dramatic demonstration of concern and compassion might win us warm and lasting friendships.

The action I propose cannot come from governments: their actions are too tardy and too unimaginative. It will have to come from the people. Let those who want to escape the old-line Christmas, in which we pile up useless gift on useless gift, cut their giving down to the bone. If even every second family in Canada were to set Christmas giving to a maximum of \$1 a present for each relative or friend, we would have tens of millions of dollars left over. Try to imagine the impact of such a project on the needy nations.

Now it's true that many Christians, and other persons too, will be giving some money this Christmas to poor people in Canada, and also to organizations helping foreign lands, such as CARE. Last year, at Christmas, CARE received \$137,000 from Canadians. This and the money given to Christmas baskets and other aid to the poor is commendable; but it is horse-and-buggy aid in a jet age. We'll never set Asia or Africa afire with new respect or

love for Christians by displaying generosity as restrained as this.

It is not my suggestion, mark you, to cut out all Christmas giving. All I am proposing is that instead of making gifts of \$3, \$4 or \$10 or higher to the main members of one's family and to one's special friends, we should agree in advance not to give things that cost more than \$1. For those who want to take the principle of self-sacrifice a little further, there could be agreements with friends on spending on cards, fancy food and liquor.

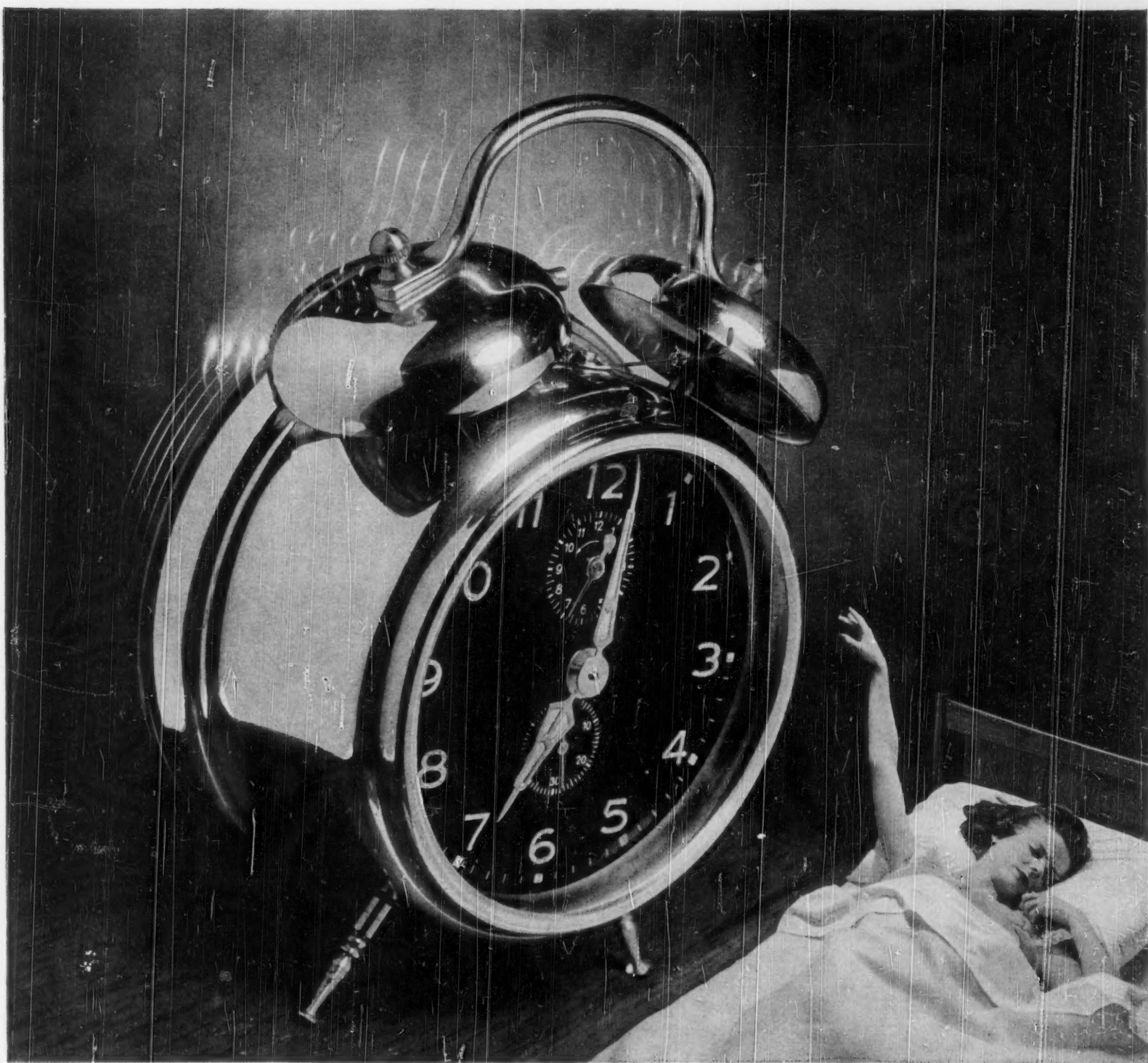
Where could the money be sent? Many people would want to send it to CARE, to the Foster Parents Plan, or to the Save the Children Fund. A group of friends or a family could combine to bring an overseas student to a Canadian university. Others might want to help the Unitarian Fund or other practical causes.

My point is simple; expert observers have cautioned that it is now 11.45 p.m. Before midnight, unless we can do something to gain the respect of Asians, and do it dramatically, we will have lost Asia. In short, this is the time to practise Christianity or else reconcile ourselves to becoming a declining minority in the world.

This might seem a bald appeal to self-interest, but it's also a challenge to the Christian ideal of "love thy neighbor." All across the world Communists are doing jobs in Eastern lands, and now in Africa, at great personal sacrifice; if we can't match that and beat it, then let's stop calling ourselves Christians.

Think of what it could mean in India and other such countries if gifts of food and clothing poured in suddenly around Christmas, when news got out there was plenty of money for scholarships to study in this continent, when thousands of children found themselves "adopted" by Canadians. Of course, it would have to be followed up to be really effective, but the best beginning could well be the decision of hundreds of thousands of Canadians this Christmas to put self-sacrifice instead of self-indulgence first. ★

DR. MANN TEACHES RURAL SOCIOLOGY AT ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE



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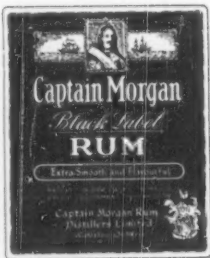


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U.S. REPORT

BY IAN SCLANDERS

Urbiculture is easy, but what is biosophy?

WASHINGTON — The yellow pages of the telephone directory in this strange and wonderful city list more than eleven hundred "associations."

Many have names that baffle, mystify, titillate the imagination and stir the curiosity — names like the Society of the Renaissance, Project Hope, the Privazone Council of America, OPEDA, the National Council on Aerial Phenomena, AOPA, Neighbors Incorporated, the National Institute of Urbiculture, the Colonial Dames of the Seventeenth Century and the Biosophical Institute.

Some of the names so fascinated me that I decided to set aside a day to find out what they stood for. I spent this day on the telephone, asking questions, and wound up fully convinced that Americans are the world's greatest joiners, dreamers, planners, ancestor worshippers, do-gooders, political axe grinders and supporters of lost causes.

I learned, among other things, that —

★ Urbiculture (which isn't in my dictionary) is a new word for the scientific and orderly use of urban land. The Institute of Urbiculture, financed by enthusiasts and well-wishers, is trying to persuade the U. S. government to establish a full-fledged department of urbiculture, which would be to cities what the department of agriculture is to the country.

★ Chunks of ice weighing twenty-five or thirty pounds occasionally drop from the sky. This bit of information was provided by the National Council on Aerial Phenomena, which has a membership of four thousand five hundred in thirty countries and devotes most of its energy to checking reports of flying saucers. Richard Hall, its executive secretary, told me there is no doubt at all that unidentified flying objects, from an unknown source, have been seen by hundreds of sane, sober human beings, among them trained observers assigned by several air forces to scan the sky.

★ Women who want to be Colonial Dames of the Seventeenth Century have to be able to produce pedigrees showing that their forebears settled in America by the year 1700. They have a slight tendency to look down on the far more numerous Daughters of the American

Revolution, who only have to have forebears who fought in the War of Independence and who busy themselves passing political resolutions while the Dames go in for such gentle pursuits as caring for the grave of Pocahontas, who was buried in England.

★ Although the Daughters of the American Revolution attract most of the attention, there are also Sons of the American Revolution and Children of the American Revolution.

★ One of these years, and perhaps fairly soon, there will be an amendment to the U. S. Constitution. It will insert the words "and women" after the word "men" in the sentence that begins: "All men are created free and equal. . . ." The amendment will be the result of the dedicated efforts of the National Women's Party, which dates from 1848, reached the peak of its glory by winning a vote for women in 1921, and occupies the oldest house in Washington.

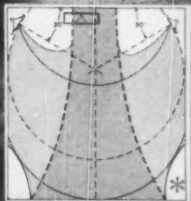
★ Project Hope is a hospital ship, complete with doctors and nurses, supported by voluntary contributions from Americans. It cruises from one underdeveloped country to another to treat the sick.

★ Thousands of veterans of the Spanish-American War still survive. They belong to the United Spanish War Veterans and like to sit around their clubrooms reminiscing about Teddy Roosevelt and punctuating their conversation with the word "bully," used in the half-forgotten slang sense.

★ The National Beauty Culturists League is a fancy name for a trade association that promotes the interests of barbers, male and female.

★ Neighbors Incorporated, financed by contributions from the public, has taken on the unusual but useful task of proving to white property owners that when a Negro family moves into their neighborhood it doesn't automatically mean that the value of their property will drop, they don't have to sell out, pack up and go elsewhere, and the chances are the Negroes will be nicer neighbors than they had before.

★ There are political candidates who, when CONTINUED ON PAGE 49



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By Man than comes of music."
— Robert Browning*

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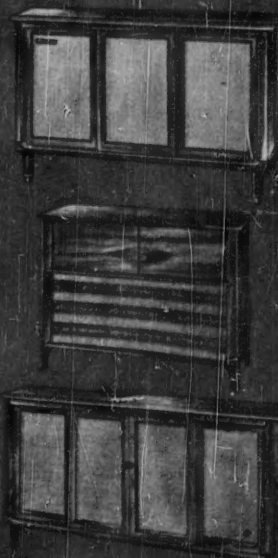
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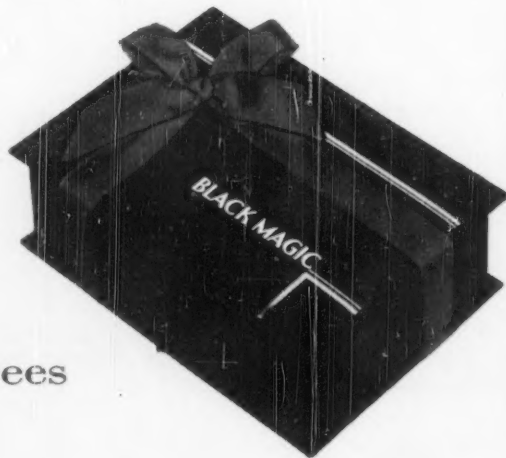
Near Ireland's Blarney Castle . . . and the Stone that's cast its blithesome spell for four centuries

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You could haste to Blarney and kiss the stone . . . then (so says tradition) you'd have a miraculous skill with pretty words—to win Her. But there's another, handier way. Let Black Magic do the talking! A gift of those famous chocolates has a persuasive eloquence no woman can resist!

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announces your good taste. And inside, those rich, dark chocolates express the perfect compliment! Black Magic's 12 luscious centres . . . Orange Cream, Truffle & Nougat, Chocolate Nut and the rest . . . are *unique*—only Rowntrees know the secret! No wonder Black Magic has become a welcome "third party" at every romantic rendezvous!



BLACK MAGIC by Rowntrees

WHY THE THINGS YOU BUY DON'T LAST

Are we all suckers for a conspiracy called planned obsolescence? Alan Phillips here examines the case for and against the most controversial practice in the modern marketplace, and tells how stylists, engineers, and salesmen make room for new products before old ones wear out

A CROSS-SECTION OF CLASHING OPINION ON PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE

"This approach has resulted in customer confusion and uncertainty, has had a part in depressing the appliance market, and has helped create the unhealthy emphasis on price now plaguing all independent appliance dealers"

—Fred Maytag II, chairman, Maytag Company

"The most important single factor responsible for the growth and vitality of the appliance industry, the automobile industry, and many others"

—Herman Lehman, general manager, Frigidaire

"A price increase in disguise"

—Dexter Masters, director, Consumers Union

"One of the villains in the appliance field"

—Monte Florman, appliance-testing chief, Consumers Union

"An engineer's principal purpose"

—Elisha Gray II, chairman, Whirlpool Corporation

"Plain gypping"

—Walter Teague, industrial designer

SOME TIME IN THE EARLY FIFTIES, North Americans crossed the threshold of the Alice-in-Wonderland world that economists call the age of abundance. The consumer, who was once taught the value of thrift, is now exhorted ever deeper into debt to buy the goods cascading from our automated machines. The manufacturer, who once equated honesty with quality, has been strangely silent this decade on durability.

The gospel of production has led us into the promised land. Most homes have electric stoves and washers, radios, TV, refrigerators. The market for consumer goods is nearing saturation. Some metal industries are cutting output. To keep production lines rolling more than a third of all manufacturers, according to 3,100 executives polled by the Harvard Business Review, rely on what economist Joseph Schumpeter calls "creative destruction" — planned obsolescence.

This term describes the fine art of shortening the life of consumer products and was seldom discussed, until recently, within earshot of the consumer. But a growing group of businessmen are rebelling against the practice and the issue has moved from executive suites to the forum of public opinion.

On one side are those who think our prosperity hinges on planned obsolescence. Unless goods are used up quickly, they say, sales and production will fall, incomes will drop, and unemployment will spread. Says the chairman of the Whirlpool Corporation, Elisha Gray II, "Any attempts by various people to toady up to the public by saying they are against planned obsolescence is so much commercial demagoguery."

This is clearly aimed at the rebels, led by George Romney, president of American Motors, who look on planned obsolescence as criminal waste. Franklin Huddle, a conservation specialist with Defense Research and Engineering, U.S. Department of Defense, estimates the annual bill in the U.S. for "this unnecessary deterioration" at ten to twenty billion dollars. He believes that "a vigorous national campaign . . . with the understanding co-operation of the

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Peter C. Newman reports from Europe

CANADA'S FINAL AGONIZING CHOICE ON NUCLEAR ARMS

"The choice is not, as most Canadians believe, between arming or not arming our small but vital contribution to NATO with atomic warheads. Our only remaining choice is whether we'll accept the nuclear arms or withdraw our troops from the continent, thereby threatening the stability of the North Atlantic alliance and the West's principle of collective security"

WHETHER OR NOT our armed forces should have nuclear weapons is probably the deepest current issue in Canadian public life, but few Canadians are familiar with the actual conditions that govern this choice. At least part of the reason for this confusion is the false emphasis that has been given the question by our politicians.

Most of the political arguments about Canada's military policies centre on continental defense — on what we should do, or permit the Americans to do, on Canadian soil against the torrent of destruction aimed at us by the Soviet Union. It is no accident that in these discussions all our political parties either omit or brush over our NATO forces. It is in Europe, not in Canada, that our defense decisions are most imminent and most unpalatable.

Actually, Canada *did* decide three years ago to accept nuclear arms. Prime Minister Diefenbaker signed an agreement on December 19, 1957, by which Canada and the other NATO allies authorized stockpiling of nuclear warheads for the use of NATO troops, including the Canadian

brigade in Europe. What we are having in Canada now is a belated argument as the 1957 decision is about to be executed, and as the average Canadian citizen realizes for the first time what he has got himself into.

The choice is not, as most Canadians believe, between arming or not arming our small but important contribution to NATO with atomic warheads. Our only remaining choice is whether we'll take nuclear arms, or else withdraw our troops from Europe altogether.

An American general, whose own command lies alongside the Canadian brigade in West Germany, put it to me bluntly: "If you Canadians don't make a final decision about nuclear warheads soon, there will be pressure from NATO to get your troops out. Without the proper weapons, your troops are a threat to the NATO forces stationed around them."

This was one of many conversations about Canada's military position overseas, during a month-long tour of western Europe that included a week at the military headquarters of the North Atlantic alliance in Paris. I interviewed most of the men responsible for planning NATO's nuclear strategy, and I had an hour's private conversation with General Lauris Norstad, the studious and frankly worried U. S. Air Force officer who is the supreme commander of NATO's land and air forces in Europe.

I found them all dismayed that Canada has not yet made an official commitment to equip her forces with nuclear weapons — the only major power in the alliance that has not done so. Many of the generals were astounded to learn that the average Canadian citizen, and even the average MP, still argues as if we had full freedom of choice in the matter.

"It's only fair that you should accept these weapons," one NATO official told me, "according to the principle that equal rights impose equal duties."

The puzzlement of NATO officers is under- CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



Canadian gunners training in the U. S. prepare an Honest John for firing. We've taken most of the sting out of this rocket by not giving it a nuclear warhead.

1170
1445
1492
1495
1657
1662
1773
1818
1869
1914
1942
1960

TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS



Christmas has never been a one-day feast. From the time early Christians began to celebrate the birthday of Jesus, some time in the fourth century AD, they have always carried on the festivity to the day of the Epiphany, when Christ was revealed to the Three Wise Men who symbolize the world of the Gentiles. There were more than religious reasons for this. Men had been celebrating the winter solstice for thousands of years, feasting and making merry to coax the ailing sun back to health and vigor. (It always worked, too—by the end of the riotous festival, the days began to grow visibly longer.) It was to make these revels respectable that the winter solstice was chosen as the feast of Christ's Nativity. Nobody knows the day or year when Jesus was born—possibly in March of 7 BC, by historical evidence—but this dark-nighted period has been His festival for at least sixteen centuries. On the following four pages is a gallery of twelve days of Christmas from the last eight hundred years, selected by *Shirley Mair*

December 25

1170

PRELUDE TO MARTYRDOM

Thomas Becket's last sermon

The most illustrious of English martyrs, Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, preached his last sermon on Christmas Day 1170, four days before he was murdered in his cathedral by four knights of Henry II's court.

The text was appropriate to the day—Luke 11:14: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men"—but Becket's sermon was not. He began with a prophecy that he would soon be murdered, sobbed through most of his delivery, and so affected his congregation that "all through the church you might see and hear lamentations and the flowing of tears, with murmurs of 'Father, why dost Thou forsake us so soon?' and 'To whom dost Thou leave us desolate?'" Then, quite suddenly, Becket's mood changed. He became "fierce, indignant, fiery and bold," and thundered sentences of excommunication on five of his enemies.

This account comes to us from Herbert of Bosham, an early biographer. Another chronicle is that of a young Cambridge monk, Edward Grim, who was an eyewitness to the murder of Thomas à Becket and who himself was wounded trying to save the archbishop. The second of the four assassins laid open Grim's arm to the bone, with the same sword thrust that pierced Becket's skull. Here is Grim's report of Becket's Christmas sermon, translated from his Latin text:

"On the day of the Lord's nativity, just as Becket had ended his address to the people, he condemned with a dreadful judgment one of the King's men, who on the previous day had cut down the archbishop's servants and also docked the tails of his horses At the same time he punished Ranulph de Broc, who was the instigator of all the mischief He denounced before the people three priests, adding instructions that nobody was to hold communication with such people Finally he said, 'Let them be cursed by Jesus Christ and let the remembrance of them be blotted out from the company of the saints; that is to say whoever shall sow hatred or discord between the king and myself.'"



December 25

1492

The tranquil wreck of the Santa María

On Christmas Eve, Christopher Columbus was sailing off Santo Domingo. His destination was a Christmas dinner, his host-to-be, one of the island's native kings.

The account below is third-hand. Columbus' own diary is lost, but it was seen by a Spanish historian, Bartolomé de las Casas, who wrote an abstract of the journal in the sixteenth century. It was translated into English in 1947 by Clements R. Markham.

"Navigating yesterday with little wind from Santo Tomé to Punta Santa, and being a league from it, at about eleven o'clock at night the Admiral went down to get some sleep, for he had not had any rest for two days and a night. As it was calm, the sailor who steered the ship thought he would go to sleep leaving the tiller in charge of a boy. The Admiral had forbidden this throughout the voyage. It pleased our Lord that at twelve o'clock at night the current carried the ship on one of the sand banks. If it had not been night that bank could have been seen and the surf on it could be heard for a good league. But the ship ran upon it so gently that it could scarcely be felt. The boy, who felt the helm and heard the rush of the sea, cried out. The Admiral at once came up. Presently the master of the ship, whose watch it was, came on deck. The Admiral ordered him and others to launch the boat, which was on the poop, and lay out an anchor astern. The master, with several others, got into the boat, and the Admiral thought that they did so with the object of obeying his orders. But they did so in order to take refuge on the caravel, which was half a league to the leeward. When the Admiral saw that his own people fled in this way, the water rising and the ship being across the sea, seeing no other course, he ordered the mast to be cut away and the ship to be lightened as much as possible, to see if she would come off. But as the water continued to rise, nothing more could be done. Her side fell over across the sea. Then the timbers opened and the ship was lost."

Before the Santa María broke up completely, Columbus retreated to the Niña. At daybreak he was on deck, working out a new role for his wrecked flagship. On January 4, 1493, when Columbus set sail for Spain, forty-four of the crew waved him goodbye from a fort built from the Santa María's timbers. The fort was named La Navidad, in memory of Columbus' first Christmas Eve in the new world.



December 26

1445

The long roisterous tradition of the Feast of Fools

The Feast of Fools was a rip-roaring Christmas celebration among the minor clergy in medieval France—the only day in the year when priests, deacons, sub-deacons and choirboys could shrug off their humble chores and gather to feast and carol and carouse. Late in the fifteenth century, church leaders were forced to outlaw the Feast of Fools altogether. They had ample reason: In 1445, forty years before the bishops took this drastic step, they received this letter from the Paris college of theology:

"Priests and clerks may be seen wearing masks and monstrous visages at the hours of office. They dance in the choir dressed as women, panders or minstrels. They sing wanton songs. They eat black puddings at the horn of the altar while the celebrant is saying Mass. They play at dice there. They cense with stinking smoke from the soles of old shoes. They run and leap through the church, without a blush at their own shame. Finally they drive about the town and theatres in shabby traps and carts and rouse the laughter of their fellows and the bystanders in infamous performances, with indecent gestures and verses, scurrilous and unchaste."



December 25

1657

Christmas under Cromwell

John Evelyn is arrested
for going to church

A wealthy English landowner, John Evelyn, started a diary in 1640, when he was twenty and Charles I was on the throne of Britain. For the next sixty-six years, until his death in 1706, Evelyn set down the comings and goings of five British monarchies and one commonwealth—Oliver Cromwell's. Here is his description of a Christmas under Cromwell.

"25th December. I went to London with my wife to celebrate Christmas-day, Mr. Gunning preaching in Exeter chapel on Michah VII 2. Sermon ended, as he was giving us the Holy Sacrament, the chapel was surrounded by soldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surprised and kept prisoners by them, some in the house, others carried away. It fell to my share to be confined to a room in the house, where yet I was permitted to dine with the masters of it, the Countess of Dorset, Lady Hatton and some others of quality who invited me. In the afternoon, came Colonel Whalley, Goffe and others from Whitehall, to examine us, one by one. Some they committed to the Marshall, some to prison. When I came before them, they took my name and abode, examined me why, contrary to the ordinance made, that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of Nativity (so esteemed by them), I durst offend and particularly to be at Common Prayers, which they told me was but the Mass in English, and particularly pray for Charles Stuart; for which we had no Scripture. I told them we did not pray for Charles Stuart, but for all Christian Kings, Princes and governors. They replied, in so doing we prayed for the King of Spain, too, who was their enemy and a Papist, with other frivolous and ensnaring questions, and much threatening; and finding no colour to detain me, they dismissed me with much pity of my ignorance. These were men of high flight and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity. As we went up to receive the Sacrament, the miscreants held their muskets against us, as if they would have shot us at the altar; but yet suffering us yet to finish the office of Communion, as perhaps not having instructions what to do, in case they found us in that action. So I got home late the next day; blessed by God!"

December 25

1495

Henry VII's anti-gambling edict:
"A statute forbade card-playing
save during
the Christmas holidays"

"A universal Christmas custom of the old time was playing at cards; persons who never touched a card at any other season of the year felt bound to play a few games at Christmas. The practice had even the sanction of law. A prohibitory statute of Henry VII's reign forbade card-playing save during the Christmas holidays." So writes a historian of Henry's reign. What the historian didn't mention was that Henry held himself aloof from his own law. In 1495, when he passed the edict, it limited card-playing only among "servants, apprentices and mean people." Henry enjoyed cards far too much to give them up. If he had, he would have displeased his future son-in-law, James IV of Scotland, who often kept the king's eldest daughter, Margaret, waiting while he finished a game of cards.



December 25

1662

Christmas after Cromwell

Samuel Pepys is slightly
bored by piety

"Bishop Morley preached upon the song of the Angels, Glory be to God on high, on earth peace, and good will towards men. Methought he made but a poor sermon, but long and reprehending the common jollity of the Court for the true joy that shall and ought to be on these days, he particularized concerning their excess in playes and gaming, saying that he whose office it is to keep the gamesters in order and within bounds, serves but for a second rather in a duell, meaning the groome-porter. Upon which it was worth observing how far they are come from taking the reprehensions of a bishop seriously, that they all laugh in chapel when he reflected on their ill actions and courses. He did much press us to joy in these public days of joy, and to hospitality; but one that stood by whispered in my eare that the Bishop did not spend one groate to the poor himself."

—SAMUEL PEPYS'S DIARY



continued

December 25

1773

Why gentlemen rested merrie:

Parson Woodforde's

Christmas menu at Oxford

Two years before the accession of George III to the throne of Britain, James Woodforde began an almost daily record of his own life; first as an Oxford student, later as sub-warden of an Oxford college and subsequently as a country parson. The diary spans the years between 1758 and 1803. It starts as the Seven Years' War was in progress and takes in William Pitt's ministries and the American War of Independence. Woodforde gives these historic events only brief mention. Outside events did not infringe on the life of a quiet country clergyman in eighteenth-century England.

"I invited the Warden to dine with us as is usual on this day, but his Sister being here, could not. We had a very handsome dinner of my ordering, as I order dinner every day being Sub-Warden. We had for dinner, 2 fine Codds, boiled with fried Soules round them and oyster sauce, a fine sirloin of Beef roasted, some peas soup, and an orange Pudding for the first course, for the Second, we had a lease of Wild ducks roasted, a fore Qu: of Lamb and sallad and mince Pies. We had a grace cup before the second course brought by the Butler to the Steward of the Hall who was Mr. Adams a Senior Fellow, who got out of his place and came to my chair and there drank me out of it, wishing me a Merry Xmas. I then took it of him and drank wishing him the same, and then it went around, three standing all the time. From the High Table the grace cup goes to the Bachelors and Scholars. After the second course there was a fine plumb cake brought to the sent Table as is usual on this day, which also goes to the Bachelors after. After Grace is said there is another Grace Cup to drink omnibus Wiccamis, which is drunk as the first, only the steward of the Hall does not attend the second Grace Cup . . . We dined at 3 o'clock and were an hour and 1/2 at it. We all then went into the Senr Com: Room, where the Warden came to us and sat with us till Prayers. The wine drunk by the Senr Fellows, domus pays for. Prayers this evening did not begin till 6 o'clock at which I attended as did the Warden . . . N.B. Put on this Day a new coat and waist-coat for the first time."



December 24

1818

The forgotten collaborators
who wrote Silent Night

By the middle of the last century, Silent Night was probably the best loved of all Christmas carols, but nobody could really remember who had written the simple melody and timeless words. In 1854, under the hazy idea that it had been written by a Haydn (a hazy idea a lot of people still have), the court musicians of Berlin wrote to the church authorities in Salzburg, Austria, asking to see the Michael Haydn manuscript.

Michael Haydn was composer Joseph's younger brother, and musical director to the archbishop of Salzburg, but he was not the composer of the famous carol. Credit for that belonged to Franz Gruber, the father of one of the archbishop's choirboys.

The choirboy heard about the Berlin request and quickly passed the news on to his father. Gruber had waited a long time to tell his story. He lost no more in sending this blunt statement to the Berlin court:

DECEMBER 30, 1854

Authentic Occasion for the Writing of the Christmas Song, Silent Night, Holy Night.

It was on December 24, of the year 1818, when Joseph Mohr, then assistant pastor of the newly established St. Nicholas' parish church in Oberndorf, handed to Franz Gruber, who was attending the duties of organist (and was at the same time a schoolmaster in Arnsdorf) a poem, with the request that he write for it a suitable melody arranged for two: solo voices, chorus and guitar accompaniment. On that very same evening the latter handed to the pastor his simple composition, which was thereupon immediately performed on that holy night of Christmas Eve and received with all acclaim. As this Christmas song has come into the Tyrol through the well-known Zillthaler and since it has also appeared in a somewhat altered form in a collection of songs in Leipzig, the composer has the honor to dare to place beside it the original.

FRANZ GRUBER, TOWN PARISH CHOIR DIRECTOR
AND ORGANIST, HALLEIN.

Gruber failed to let the Berlin court in on one essential detail—the reason for hastily writing “a suitable melody arranged for two solo voices, chorus and guitar accompaniment.” The answer was simple: their church organ had broken down just a few hours before Christmas Eve service was to begin.



December 25

1869

Louis Riel's not-so-tender mercy

R. P. Ottewell spent Christmas 1869 in Louis Riel's jail at Fort Garry, in what the next year became the province of Manitoba. He'd been Riel's prisoner since early December, when he'd been ambushed while crossing the Red River. In fact, the ambush was unnecessary. Ottewell, along with the rest of a government road gang, was headed for the fort anyway. The lieutenant-governor of Rupert's Land, William McDougall, had sent them orders to report at the fort for active duty.

Ottewell recalled later that most of the construction gang spent Christmas as Riel's prisoners—in the fort McDougall had hoped to use for a stronghold. Here's his record of that Christmas Day:

“Christmas day dawned cold and gloomy. We did not lack company, as there were forty-five of us in a very small room.

“After breakfast we chatted about the folks back home and plump turkeys and puddings and tried to forget our monotonous diet of dry pemmican and water, but suddenly one of Riel's men brought before us a steaming wash-boiler of hot coffee, and sugar and milk, along with a clothesbasket brimming with delicious buttered buns. This meal was kindly prepared by Mrs. Charles Major, Mrs. George Young and Mrs. Crowson. They had received permission from Riel to make our Christmas more cheerful.

“I will never forget that hot coffee, it was so refreshing and stimulating. The buns seemed just to hit the right spot. This tasty meal gave us fresh courage, as it let us know that someone was thinking of us and was interested in our case.

“All afternoon we carried buckets of water from the Red River to the fort. For what good reason did not appear, but I think to this day that the rebels made us carry it through sheer ugliness, as Riel emptied each bucket of water on the ground as it came.

“However, that night, as we went to bed on the usual damp floor, we dreamed of the delicious Christmas dinner we had enjoyed in Fort Garry, prisoners of Louis Riel.”



December 25

1914

Good will to all
on the Western Front

Early in the evening of December 24, 1914, the first Christmas Eve of World War I, troops along Europe's Western Front clashed in fierce trench warfare. Later that evening some soldiers wrapped their arms about the enemy and sang Christmas carols.

Weeks later, when news of this incredible about-face filtered through to the two headquarters, neither side could get a full account of the fraternization episode. It seems to have started with irony: troops pausing to regroup for the next onslaught remembered it was Christmas Eve, and bellowed facetious greetings to the enemy. Quite unexpectedly, the hollow greetings established a bond between the battle-worn armies. Ignoring the sounds of war around them, some began to sing Christmas carols. A few incautious men laid down their arms, crept out of their hiding places and crossed the corpse-strewn no-man's-land to shake hands with the enemy. When Christmas Eve was over, a holiday spirit pervaded much of the line, and almost every trench had arranged a private ceasefire.

But it was more than a ceasefire. It was a full battlefield observance of the Christmas dictum, "On earth peace, good will toward men." Throughout the day and well into the evening enemies shared cocoa and cigarettes, talked of home, and momentarily forgot the war. No word of this got into the official dispatches, and the British were careful to forget a football game that they'd promoted with a German regiment . . . they were beaten 3-2, and the drubbing spurred a normally proper English colonel to try for a truce on New Year's Day so the British could get in a return match. An entire German regiment ambled over to a Scottish-held trench on Christmas morning, unperturbed by volleys of warning shots, aimed just over its head. A frantic Scottish officer reinforced the volleys by pleading, "If you don't intend to fight, at least you could pretend to." But the cheerful Germans wouldn't hear of fighting, and when they had assembled around the lip of the British trench, one German soldier looked down and said, "You are of the same religion, and today is the day of peace." "Well," replied the baffled Scottish officer, "at least it's a triumph for the church."

If it was a triumph, it was a temporary one. Christmas evening at nine o'clock, or midnight, depending on when the individually arranged truces came to an end, the soldiers on the Western Front shook hands, laid down their good will and climbed down into their trenches, to kill or be killed a day behind schedule.



December 25

1942

What Stephen Leacock wanted
from Santa Claus for the fourth
Christmas of World War II

Give me back, will you, that pretty little framed certificate called Belief in Humanity; you remember—you gave them to ever so many of us children to hang up beside our beds. Later on I took mine out to look what was on the back of it, and I couldn't get it back in the frame and lost it.

Well, I'd like that and—oh, can I have a new League of Nations? You know, all set up on a rack that opens in and out. I broke the old one because I didn't know how to work it, but I'd like to try again. And may I have a brand new Magna Carta, and a Declaration of the Rights of Man and a Sermon on the Mount?

And I'd like if you don't mind, though of course it's more in the way of a toy, a little Jack-in-the-box, one with a little Adolf Hitler in it. No, honestly, I wouldn't hurt him; I'd just book the lid and keep him for a curiosity.

I can't have it? Never mind.

Here, listen, this is what I want, Santa Claus, and here I'm speaking for all of us, millions and millions of us.

Bring us back the World We Had, and didn't value at its worth—the Universal Peace, the Good Will Towards Men—all that we had and couldn't use and broke and threw away.

Give us that. This time we'll really try.

Stephen Leacock's list to Santa Claus was included in his book *My Remarkable Uncle*, published by McClelland & Stewart Ltd.



December 25

1960

The variable spirit
of Christmas present

The first Canadians to celebrate Christmas 1960 will be missionaries, military personnel and weathermen, stranded at about twenty distant Arctic outposts on the rim of the continent, where the night Christmas falls on is six months long. Their celebration starts any time after the first evening of the full moon, December 2. That night, three RCAF flying boxcars take off on an annual sentimental mission, Operation Santa Claus. They fly across the Arctic, parachuting loaded panniers of food, mail, gifts and even a Christmas tree to the lonely men on the frozen ground below.

George Armstrong, captain of the Toronto Maple Leaf hockey team, won't celebrate at all on Christmas Day. After Santa delivers presents to his three children on Christmas Eve, Armstrong will rush to Maple Leaf Gardens and a game with the Detroit Red Wings. At one o'clock Christmas morning he'll board a chartered flight for Boston and a game with the Bruins the same night. He'll be home early on Boxing Day and the family will finally be together to enjoy a leisurely Christmas dinner. They'd celebrate the dinner on Christmas Eve, but Armstrong can't eat turkey before a game.

The Rev. Morris Zeidman of Toronto is one man who'll get his share of turkey on the 25th. At ten o'clock in the morning he'll start to carve three hundred smoked pounds of it. Dr. Zeidman is the executive director of the Scott Mission, one of Canada's largest soup kitchens, but his destitute guests will be served a bountiful dinner. His menu reads: apple juice or tomato juice ("depending on what faith brings in"), vegetable soup with a chicken-broth base, buttered rolls, smoked turkey, mashed potatoes, carrots and peas, plum pudding or Christmas cake, ice cream, coffee and chocolate bars or other sweets ("again depending on what faith brings in"). His guests will bring along paper bags so they can stock up on oranges and bread that Zeidman will leave in baskets at the door. Zeidman's colleagues, the Salvation Army, will be serving Christmas dinner to ten thousand Canadians on Boxing Day. On Christmas Day all officers from lieutenant up (the paid staff of the Army) will be away from their families. The men will visit the prisons; the women, hospitals.

On Christmas night, Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster, with five million other Canadians, will gather their families around the television to watch (who else?) Wayne and Shuster play *Mother Goose*. This is the third Christmas that the CBC has relied on the same show to send Christmas greetings across the land, and they say there's no show during the year that's watched by so many Canadians.

And finally, Joseph Deslongchamps, believed to be Canada's only authentically bearded department-store Santa Claus, has gone into retirement this year. Deslongchamps, long a favorite of Montreal children, weakened during a summer heat wave and shaved off his beard.





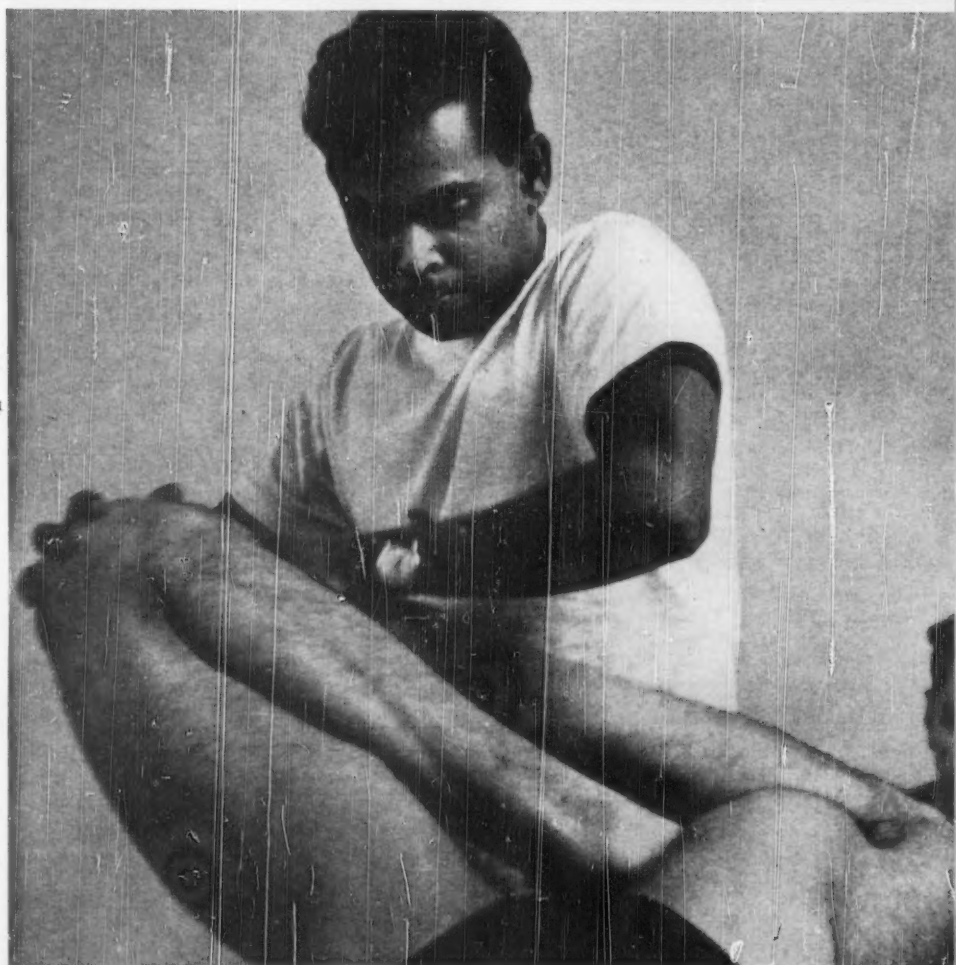
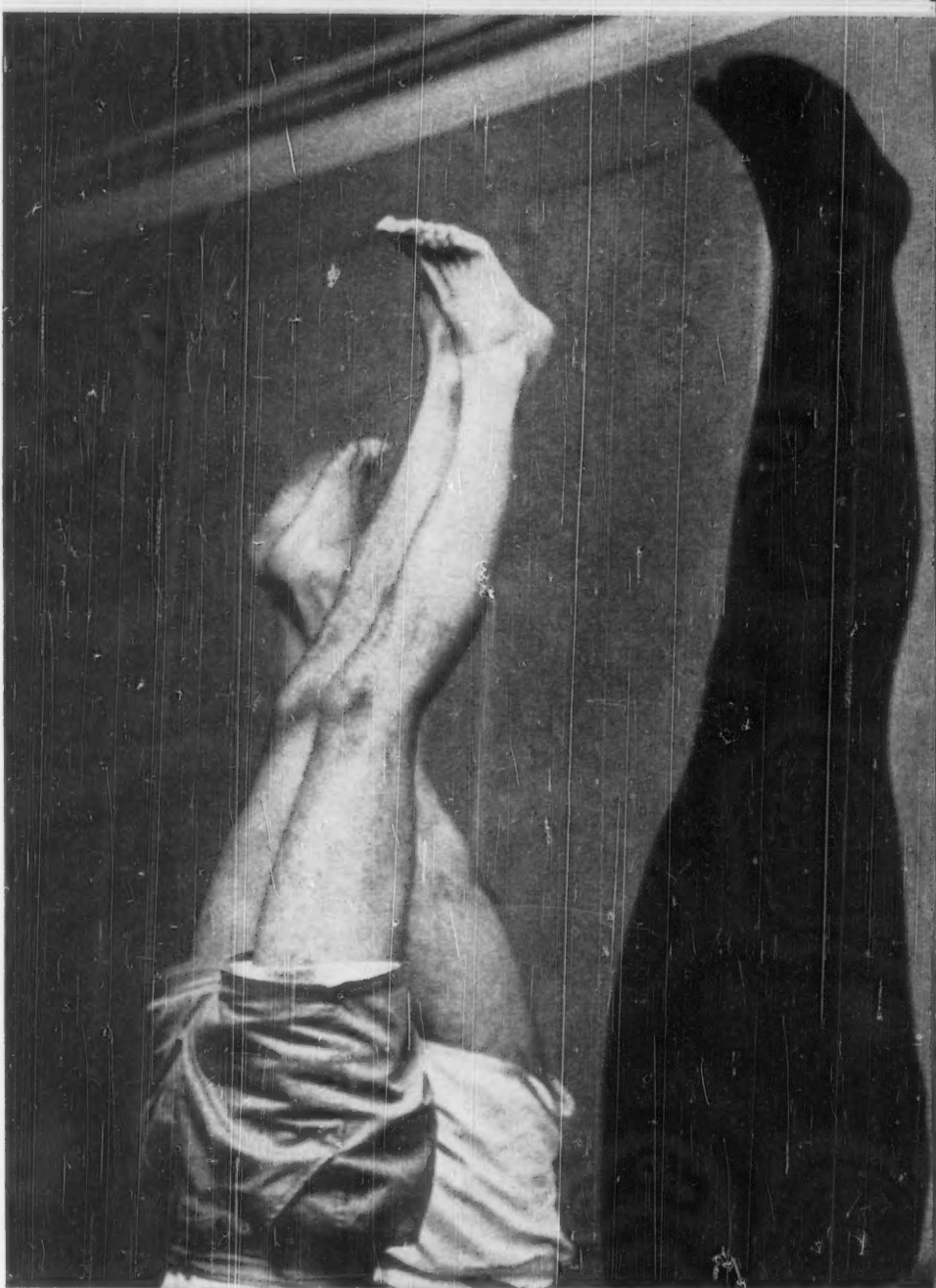
anyone?

Yogiraj Sri Swami Vishnudevananda, above, is the most influential missionary, and the Montrealers whose limbs appear on this and the next page are the most enthusiastic converts, of the most exotic religion to gain a foothold in Canada since Zen Buddhism. This is Yoga, a faith whose disciples reach grace by harmonizing their bodies with their souls.

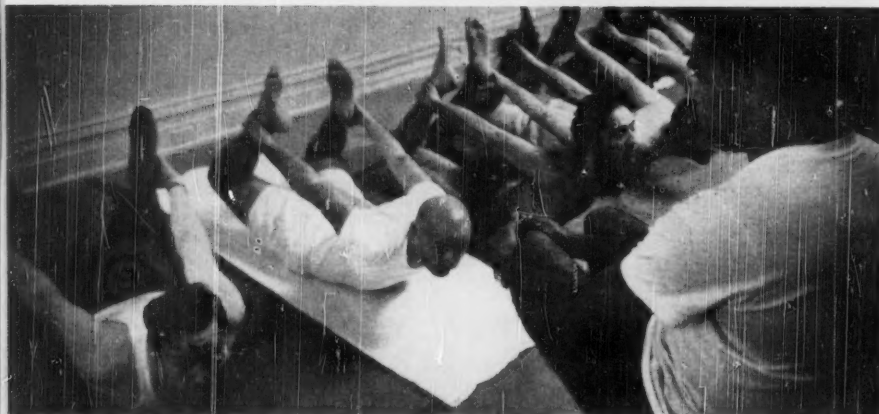
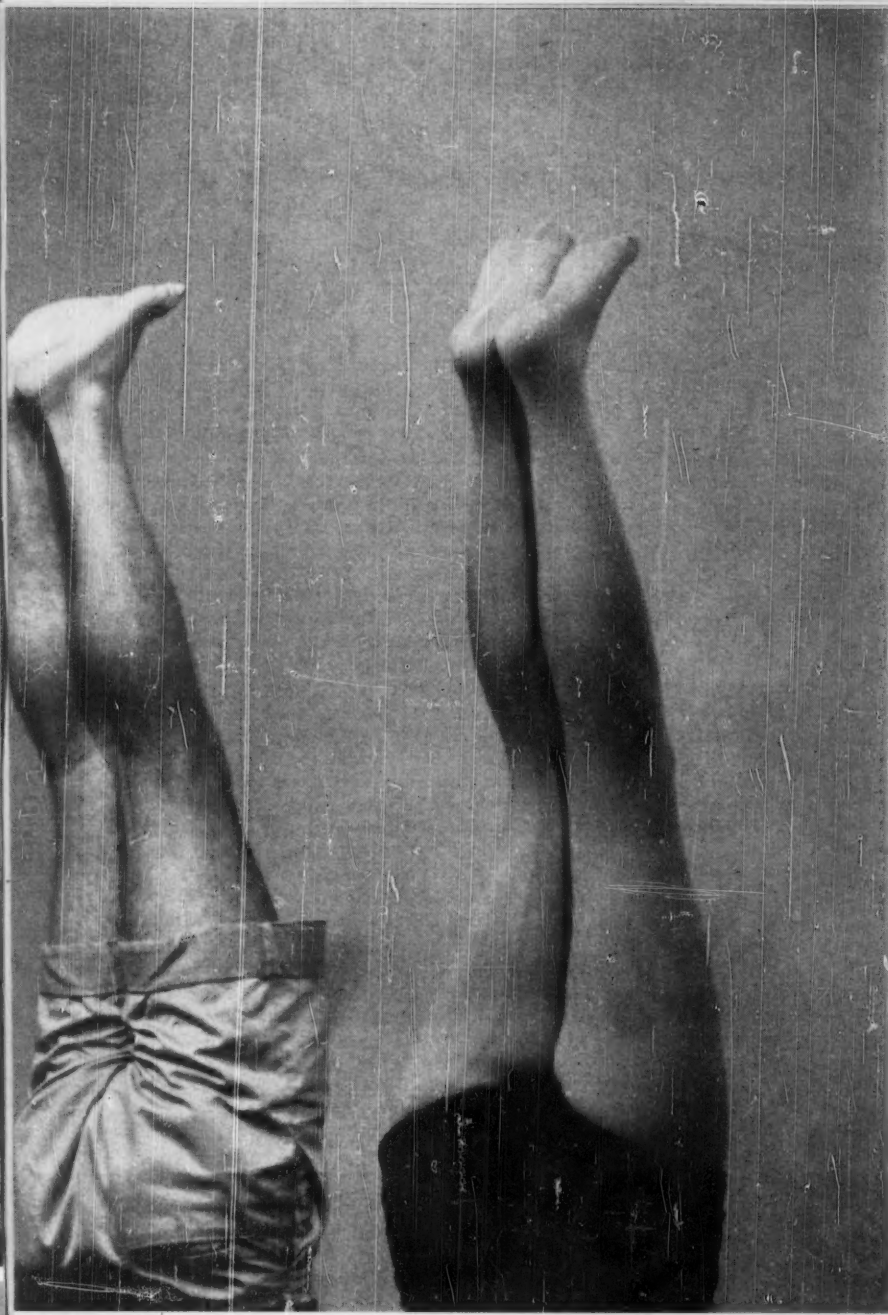
"During Bhastrika (one type of Yogic breathing) I sometimes feel a rocking sensation," the Swami says. "Sometimes I find myself seated a few feet away from where I started. No happiness in the world is comparable to it."

Vishnudevananda, a diminutive 32-year-old Hindu, introduced this special joy to Montreal in 1958, when he lectured to a McGill extension class during his first missionary trip to North America. Last December, at the insistent demand of former students and the exhortations of Sylvia Heck, a Montrealer who had studied Yoga in India, he returned to Montreal. He now has a following of 300 organized into 21 classes a week and has published a 400-page Complete Illustrated Book of Yoga for sale here and in the U.S.

Like most other religions, Yoga holds aloof from worldly concerns. Membership in the Swami's following costs \$5, but the fee is not compulsory; there is a collection after every lesson, but donations are voluntary. Businessmen with an eye for a good thing have several times tempted him with deals promising fame and fortune. "My revenue," the Swami has replied, "is in the hands of God."



Muscula
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Muscular control, achieved through the postures and exercises shown here (among others), is the crux of Yoga. Vishnudevananda is a "conservative" swami: he is a vegetarian but does not, as sensationalists have been known to do, gulp ground glass; his teaching, he says, is

"straightforward and non-denominational." The converts are enthusiastic. A three-pack-a-day smoker swears the Swami helped him kick the habit; a disciple's parents lent their summer camp to the group; several members financed a trip home for Vishnudevananda last summer.



PHOTO STORY BY DON NEWLANDS



Second-generation converts learn, with an occasional yelp, how to take the poses their parents prefer. French youngsters who can't speak English, faced with following the Swami's instructions (he can't speak French), rely on translations relayed from their parents on the sidelines. The Montreal devotees are laying plans for a printing press in the basement of their mortgaged brick headquarters on St. Lawrence Boulevard that will turn out a fortnightly magazine of news and opinion on the burgeoning Yoga scene. It will be distributed, at first, to the scattered disciples the Swami has left in various parts of the world after earlier missionary trips. A dedicated and ambitious man, he believes his movement would now be world wide but for a single barrier — Yoga literature is turned back by censors at the Soviet frontier. ★



Marika Robert's astonishing account of the lighter side of life behind the Iron Curtain:

The Communists are hard at play



IT IS A COMMON DELUSION in the West to think of the people behind the Iron Curtain as over-worked slaves. When I revisited my former home this fall, after twelve years, I thought I would find my friends tired and worn out, using their limited spare time for listening to the Voice of America and dreaming about the West. The last thing I expected was to meet people who, when given the choice between living here or under the Communists, preferred the latter because they couldn't stand the "work-mindedness" of North Americans.

In the crowded Astoria nightclub on Budapest's Kossuth Lajos street last September I met two couples who had escaped from Hungary during the uprising in 1956. After two years in Canada they returned home. They call the day of their return the happiest in their life.

"We just couldn't get used to it," said one of the wives. "It was so drab; just work and work and work. Everyone was always working. We had good jobs and we made nice money but

after all, you know, life isn't only work."

During the two weeks I spent in Czechoslovakia and Hungary I became convinced that even though work is being put on a pedestal there, it has few worshippers. A Communist is not supposed to work for money; he works for the glory of it. As far as I can judge by the people I met it is not customary to take the chance of getting an ulcer or a nervous breakdown just for glory. Since good work does not mean material advantages, and no one can be fired for doing a bad job, the people behind the Iron Curtain work less and play more than they do in North America.

Twelve years ago, when I left, the trend in Budapest and Prague was to close down the places of entertainment and replace them with halls where members of trade unions or other organizations could meet to discuss the ideology of the Party and possibly have some organized recreation. These meetings haven't yet been abolished — but neither have the nightclubs. Every totalitarian regime likes to see its citizens organized in different groups. It makes them attend meetings where they can be indoctrinated with propaganda and where they can feel important and believe — usually falsely — that they have the right to make decisions. It may be that the young people who have been organized into groups from their earliest age find this game enjoyable, but the older ones usually consider it an unnecessary bore.

Moreover, meetings aren't as frequent as they used to be and since Central European people have little interest in do-it-yourself enterprises

they have plenty of time left for going out. So there are more nightclubs, restaurants and cafés in Prague and Budapest than there have ever been before and they are all packed.

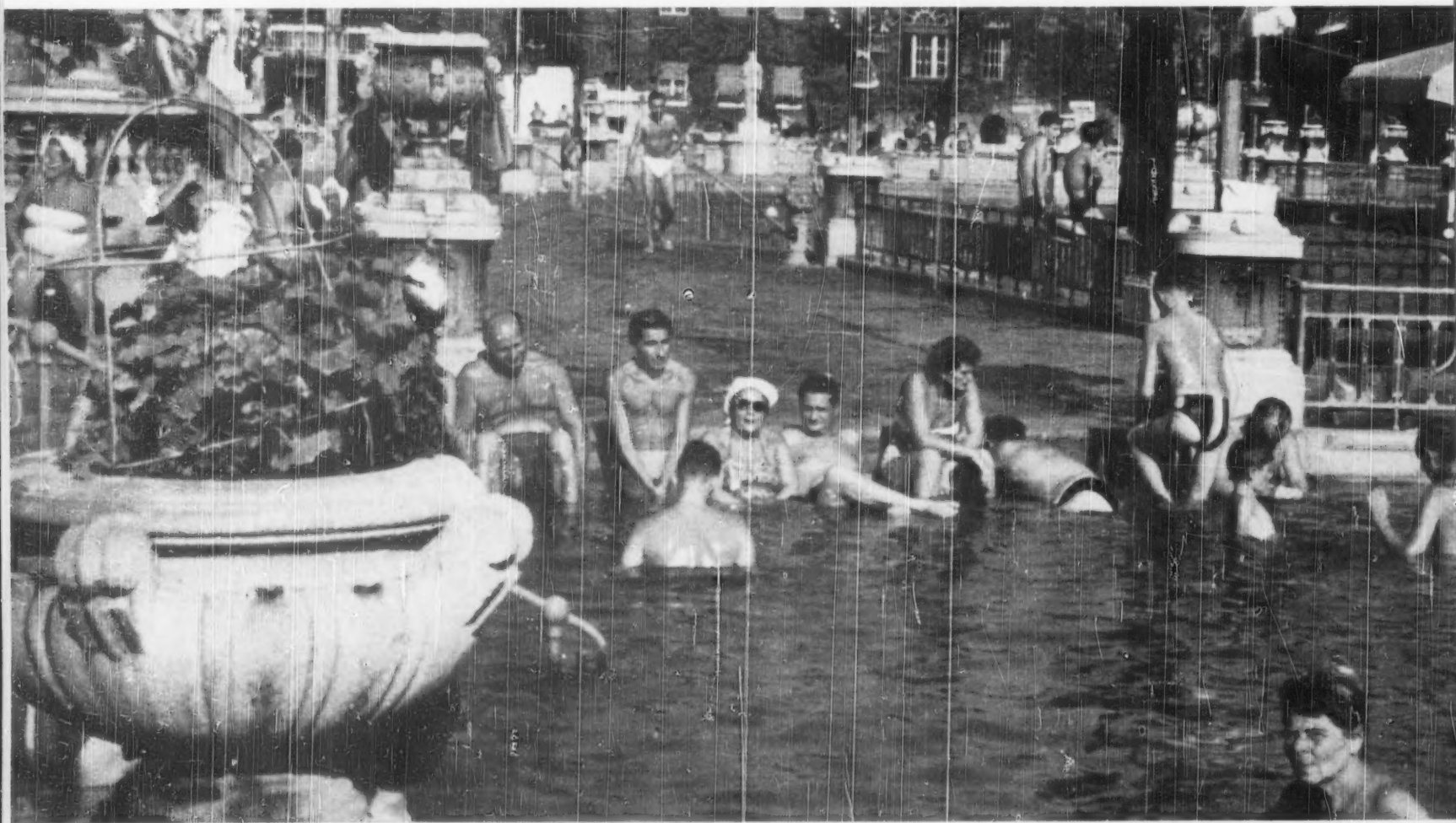
How do people get the money for it? The answer is that entertainment is cheap while everything else is expensive. No one is trying to save money, partly because there isn't enough of it to make it worth while and partly because in most Central Europeans the desire to own things has died out; they have seen how easy it is to lose them. Whatever they earn they spend. There are countless opportunities to do so.

Dancing and eating out are not expensive, although by the time you leave the local you will usually have spent twice as much as the amount on your bill. There is someone in every corner waiting to be tipped. At the time of my departure the Communists were working hard to convince everyone concerned that a "self-confident worker" does not accept a tip. But the let's-wipe-out-tipping movement proved to be an absolute failure. On the first day in Budapest after washing my hands in a ladies' room I found I had no Hungarian money on me.

"I'll bring it to you in a minute," I said to the woman in charge.

"You better hurry," grumbled the self-confident worker. "I have to leave at two o'clock."

I really believe that there is no place in the world where one has to tip as much as in Hungary. The minute you enter a public place someone will strip you of your coat. If it's very cold inside you may buy your coat back from him. To get into any house after dark (includ-



ing the one where you live) you must tip the janitor. You must then give a second tip to his son or father or whoever operates the elevator. If you insist, you may operate it yourself but you still must tip.

Sitting around the café and espressos used to be considered a bourgeois habit. It isn't any more. Today just about everyone sits in cafés, goes to five o'clock teas and dines in garden restaurants with gypsy music. You can go to the once-exclusive places that were frequented by the upper classes only; you will still find the impoverished upper classes but you will also find old women from the country in their many-skirted peasant dresses with scarves on their heads gossiping over an espresso or a Peach Melba. To appreciate this change you have to understand that not so long ago peasants in Hungary simply didn't eat Peach Melba in elegant places. They were born on a farm, and they worked on that farm from dawn to dusk; they slept on top of the stove or on the floor, eighteen in a room, and died on the same farm without ever seeing a town, or a movie, or the inside of a car, or often even electric light.

Today they don't even have to come to the city to have some entertainment. There are "culture halls" in every village where dances are held and where actors and musicians from Budapest entertain the village folk. It is organized fun but whether the peasants appreciate it or not (and many don't) it is certainly more than they had before. Since most of them wouldn't know how to behave at a concert or a five o'clock tea, com-

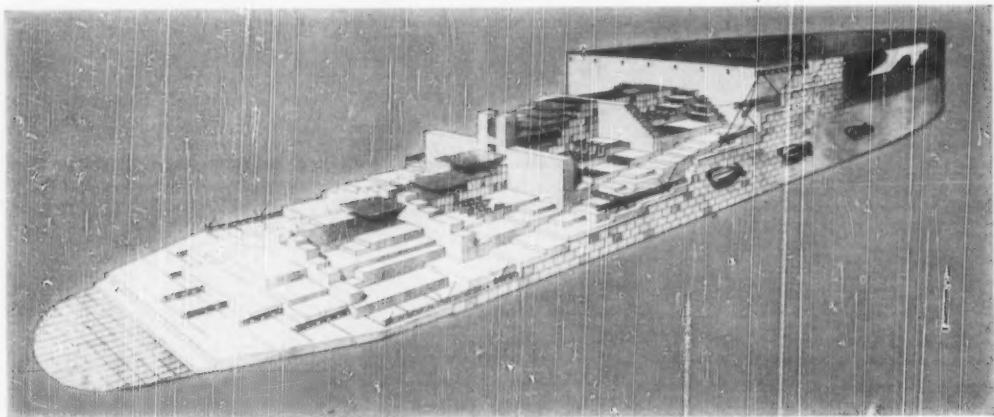
CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

People in Hungary and Czechoslovakia may go without some of our gadgets and luxuries, Marika Robert says, but they can afford to go out more often and they have more fun when they're out. In the photographs: a café in Prague, a public pool and a park in Budapest.



The weirdest secret weapon of the war

A Maclean's Flashback
by Terence Robertson



Blueprint for Habbakuk, the iceberg aircraft carrier, showing a cutaway section of the hull. The unmeltable building blocks were made of ice and wood pulp. She would have weighed 20 times as much as any ship afloat.

In 1942 an erratic British genius named Geoffrey Pyke sold Winston Churchill a vision of unsinkable carriers made of unmeltable ice. Here's how Canadians almost built his incredible frozen flotilla

ADMIRAL LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN called on Winston Churchill one day in April 1943, and was informed that the Prime Minister was taking a bath. "Good," he said. "That's just where I want him to be."

He went upstairs to the bathroom and answered the Prime Minister's scowl with a grin. Then he unwrapped a small brown-paper package and tossed into the bath a lump of what seemed to be blue, frosted ice.

The startled Churchill, not knowing what his Chief of Combined Operations was up to, ordered him to take it out before it melted and made his

bathwater cold. "It won't melt, sir," said Mountbatten. "It's ice that won't melt — new stuff we're going to use for Habbakuk."

Churchill turned on the hot water until he was forced by the heat to clamber out and sit on the edge of the bath watching the ice float intact. "Amazing?" he muttered. "Imagine — ice that won't melt."

"We call it pykrete," said Mountbatten, "after Geoffrey Pyke, who dreamed up the idea in the first place."

This oddly boyish scene at 10 Downing Street was one of many unlikely incidents that marked the brief exciting life of Operation Habbakuk, a plan to revolutionize war with a fleet of gigantic, unsinkable aircraft carriers made of ice that wouldn't melt. If torpedoed or bombed they would use powerful refrigeration units to seal their wounds with more ice.

Because ice was to be the structural material and because Englishmen still regarded Canada as a land of ice, the Canadian government was requested to undertake the work that might prove Habbakuk feasible.

When the war cabinet in Ottawa agreed, scientists of the National Research Council faced a dramatic challenge, one that for a time surpassed their work on atomic fission in urgency and importance.

Could they produce ice that wouldn't melt? And if so, could Canada build an unsinkable ship?

Geoffrey Pyke, who was later to take his own life, had conceived the Habbakuk plan while "resting" in a mental institution. He was an erratic English eccentric with a rudimentary knowledge of scientific matters — but a boundless imagination. He was tall and lean, with a gaunt biblical face. He dressed in rumpled, threadbare clothes but always wore spats — instead of socks, his colleagues maintained. He made many enemies and few friends among the war leaders of Britain, the United States and Canada, but he was able to captivate men like Churchill and Mountbatten with a dazzling vision of quick victory.

When Pyke joined Combined Operations early in 1942 he was 48, an undistinguished man. A school friend with influence in Whitehall rescued him from oblivion by arranging for him to meet Mountbatten, who was then searching for unorthodox means to wage war against an enemy that occupied all Europe and threatened to seal off the Atlantic with U-boats.

Pyke illustrated his novel approach to old prob-



In 1943, beside the CPR resort hotel on Lake Louise, crews tested the ice mixtures devised by physicists.

lems by suggesting that if a small, fast, armored snow vehicle could be devised, a few British commandos in Norway could tie up thousands of German troops. Mountbatten was so impressed he appointed Pyke to his staff as an idea man.

Combined Operations engineers designed his snow vehicle and the U. S. Army offered to produce a prototype. Pyke followed the design to Washington, where he immediately did as much as one man could to disrupt Anglo-American relations. At staff conferences he condemned the U. S. war organization as incompetent and lectured senior officers on the evils of capitalism. He also switched his plans for the snow vehicle. Originally, he had suggested that it should be made to carry three men; the third man was to guard it while the others carried out sabotage missions. Then he came out in favor of a two-man craft, and presented a memorandum showing how the unoccupied vehicles would be protected from German patrols. When parked in the Norwegian forests each vehicle would be shrouded by a canvas screen on which would be printed in German: LATRINE — FOR COLONELS ONLY. LATRINES FOR OTHER RANKS TWO KILOMETRES SOUTH.

German patrols, he said, would be led by sergeants, and what good German sergeant would dare enter a colonel's latrine?

The Pentagon reacted to Pyke's behavior by withdrawing his accreditation to staff conferences and classifying him as a security risk. They thought him quite mad and the dismayed heads of British missions in Washington bombarded London with urgent requests for Pyke's recall.

But he stubbornly remained in Washington, succumbing only to a suggestion that he was suffering from fatigue. Once persuaded that he was too valuable to be allowed to overwork, he was easily manoeuvred into the seclusion of a mental home. Officially, he had retired to await the results of the snow vehicle tests; in fact, he was in private isolation — with a new idea.

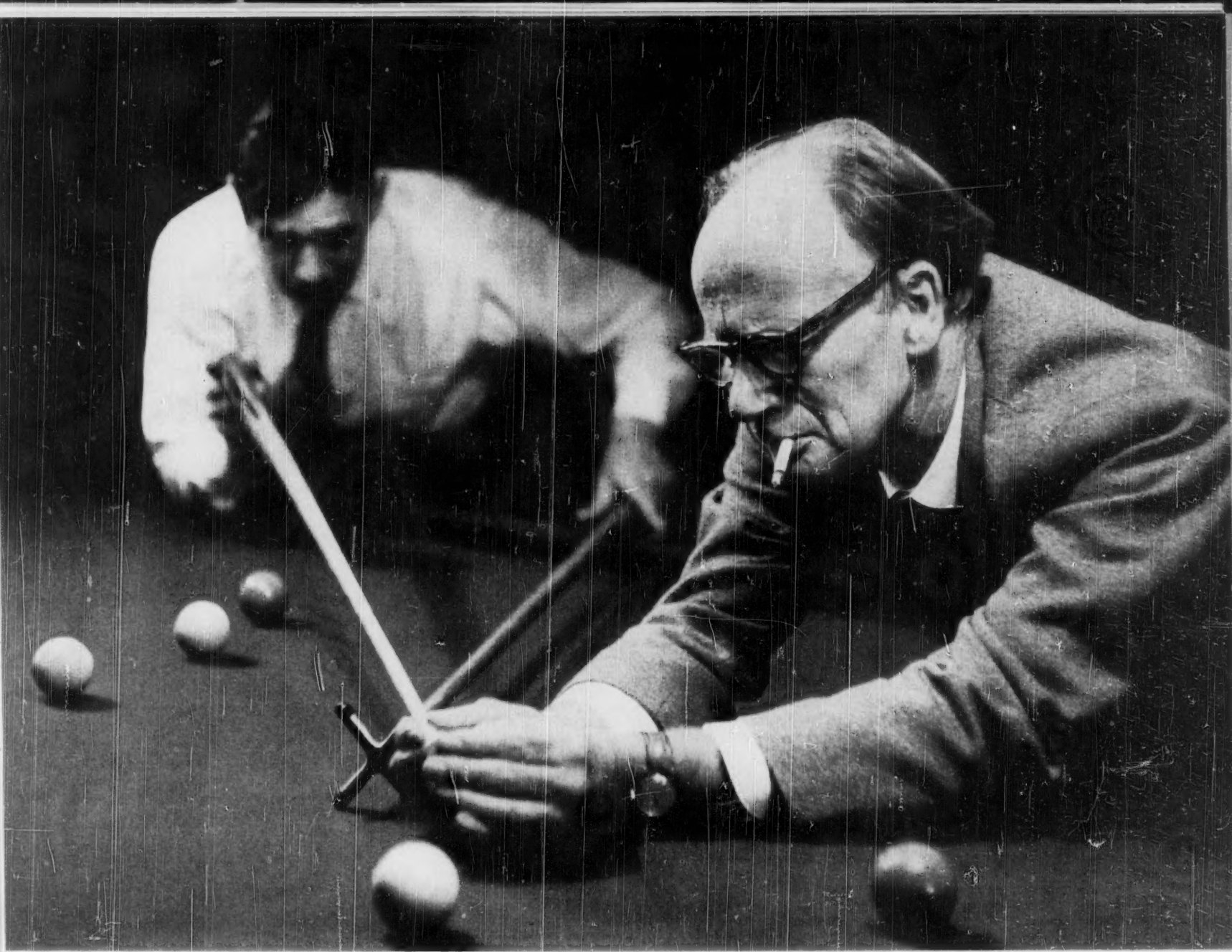
After the Titanic disaster in 1912, the International Ice Patrol had tried in vain to destroy icebergs with gunfire and bombing. The bergs had proved bombproof. Now the Allies needed floating airfields in the Atlantic, so why not use icebergs?

It was a brilliant idea. The Allies could win the war only by defeating the German army in Europe, but there could be no question of an invasion while U-boats operated successfully in the mid-Atlantic beyond the range of air patrols. If aircraft had the means

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



Geoffrey Pyke conceived Habbakuk in a mental home.



How to improve your ploy

By Leslie F. Hannon

or, How to interview Stephen Potter, who discovered gamesmanship (the art of winning games without actually cheating), without actually losing your marbles

INTERVIEWING STEPHEN POTTER is a nerve-racking delight. Before we met I read every word of his books — Gamesmanship, Lifemanship, One-Upmanship and Supermanship. I went to see his movie, *School for Scoundrels*, and made notes in the dark. I cheerfully admit to practising a few ploys and gambits (Potter's own words for the stratagems that will put you one up) on my wife and some Fleet Street acquaintances. But, in a Potter phrase, it was to no avail.

Take the time we played a little snooker in Soho Square. First, I was genuinely concerned about Potter's limp, which, he told me, he acquired when he slipped in a dark stone passageway at the permanent Picasso exhibition at Antibes. Surely the most cultured limp in Europe. When he walked around the billiard table, I naturally made way for him. He rewarded me with a small curt smile. I recall once being about to nudge the black into the centre pocket—it was a clear poke of about six inches. Potter had set the thing up—but perhaps his

game leg was hindering him? I settled into the shot, and then felt my elbow held in a vise grip. "I say," Potter coughed. "Remember Alvarez in the International at Monte Carlo—straight stroke, straight forearm!" "Alvarez?" I muttered, and the ball bobbled back and forth between the jaws of the pocket, coming to rest outside. "Alvarez?" I repeated.

So it goes with Potter. The speck of fluff so courteously and sportingly removed from in front of your ball as you are about to address it; the rasping of chalk on his cue as you size up a tricky one; the statue-like pose he adopts just *aside* from your line of fire; the offhand comments about his tussles with Cecil So-and-So for the West of England title. It would be mere common sense for anyone to pay for the table first and then play him.

If there is anyone isolated enough not to have heard of Stephen Potter, I'll put down hurriedly that he is a sixty-year-old very English Englishman. He is tall and slim and somewhat florid. He was raised in a semi-detached house

in Clapham in a middle-class family who taught him Beethoven and tried, briefly, to make him an accountant like his father. He went to Westminster—a very good school indeed—where he caught the pancake on Shrove Tuesday, sang in the Glee Society, and rubbed his bottom raw rowing in the School Four. (The scars are long since healed but his sculls still dominate his study walls.) He turned literary at Oxford, became an expert on Lawrence and Coleridge, and published a novel called *The Young Man*. He was ten years with the BBC as a writer-producer and made a national mark with satirist Joyce Grenfell in a long-lived radio humor show called the *Hew Series* — *How to Learn French*, *How to Train a Dog*, *How to Be Good at Games*. He became a newspaper book critic for a year and then editor of a short-lived semi-intellectual magazine called the *Leader*. None of this brought him notice overseas. Then London publisher Rupert Hart-Davis took an inspired gamble and issued in hard covers a slim volume of Potter's fey and wicked nonsense called *The Theory and Practice of Gamesmanship or The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating*. It has since been reprinted thirteen times and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

FOOTBALL WEEKEND

The songs, the parties, the fallings in and out of love—even the fake cannon blast that knocked an old grad down—on the weekend when McGill came to Toronto, ostensibly to play football

BY PETER GZOWSKI

Photographs by Tom Davenport

THE COLLEGE FOOTBALL WEEKEND is an unpolished Grey Cup, except that it is more fun. The songs, the parties, the fallings in and fallings out of love, the pep rallies — even the game, which in theory is what all the shouting is about — linger in the memories of many alumni as the best and most golden of all their good and golden days as students. Occasionally, such as when Toronto played at McGill this autumn, the spirits explode into pandemonium—this year the Montreal police locked up twenty students for a few thought-collecting hours. But more often, such as when McGill played at Toronto, it is just a couple of days of very good times. That weekend was also the University of Toronto's annual homecoming. As an only slightly reconstructed Toronto alumnus and an unbowed veteran of several football weekends of a not-very-much-earlier day, I decided to come Home myself. I wanted to see what, if anything, is happening to this most hallowed of undergraduate institutions and how much, if anything, of those good days could be recaptured. To do it properly, I went first to Montreal and boarded the train with the McGill invaders. My notes:

THE TRAIN:

Funny how the cars get categorized almost immediately. This is a special train, six cars and a diner, just for McGill; this way the CPR can sell tickets at a rate the students can afford, \$12 return. Before we're properly out of Montreal, everyone's found a car to his liking. At the back, of course, the team. Quiet, relaxed, many of them reading or sleeping. Everyone too big for the neck of his shirt. I wonder if, when the train has to jerk suddenly or hits a bump, all their collar buttons will go popping into the aisle. Poor McGill. Beaten by Toronto the last nine times they've met. Underdogs tomorrow. But Bruce Coulter, the McGill coach, who looks so young that he can probably sneak himself into the game if the going gets tough, is reasonably confident.

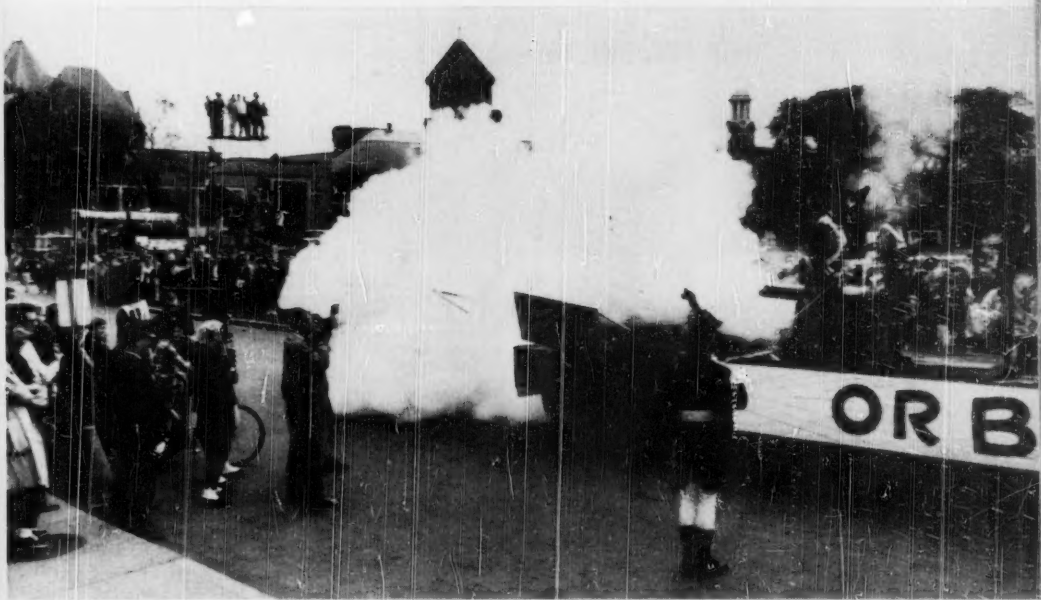
"We have to start winning sometime," he says. "It might as well be tomorrow."

The diner is used, as well as for eating in, as a buffer between the Redmen and the rest of the train. No need. Just ahead of it is the soccer team, who will play in the morning. An international-looking lot. One man looks like Robertson Davies. Isn't.

Ahead of the soccer team is the quiet-students' car. One girl reading a textbook. Very bad form. Two students playing chess with paper men on a paper board. Hope it's a smooth ride. Ahead of that car, the band, already beginning to toot a bit. Ahead of that one, a very lively-looking car. Seems like an awful lot of girls. Or better, a pretty lot

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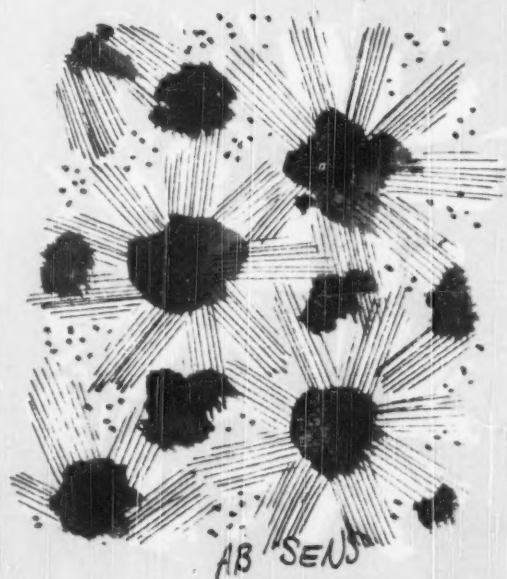
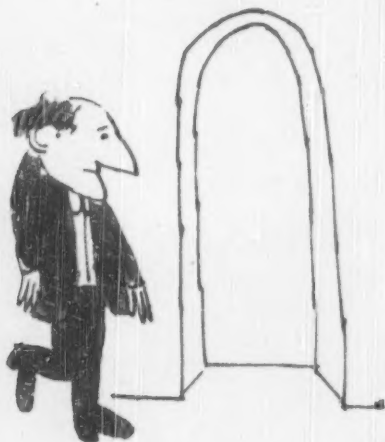


Aboard the train from Montreal, the McGill band (left) snakes its way through the cars at the head of a conga line. At the University of Toronto's Homecoming Parade, a float from the Canadian Officers Training Corps fires a cannon, injuring an alumnus 40 feet away with a chunk of wood (in middle of white cloud). At the game, cheerleaders from Nursing (lower left) invoke the team spirit. After the game, old Varsity hand Gzowski (below, right) tea-dances with a baton-twirler. Then, when the music got fast, he went home.



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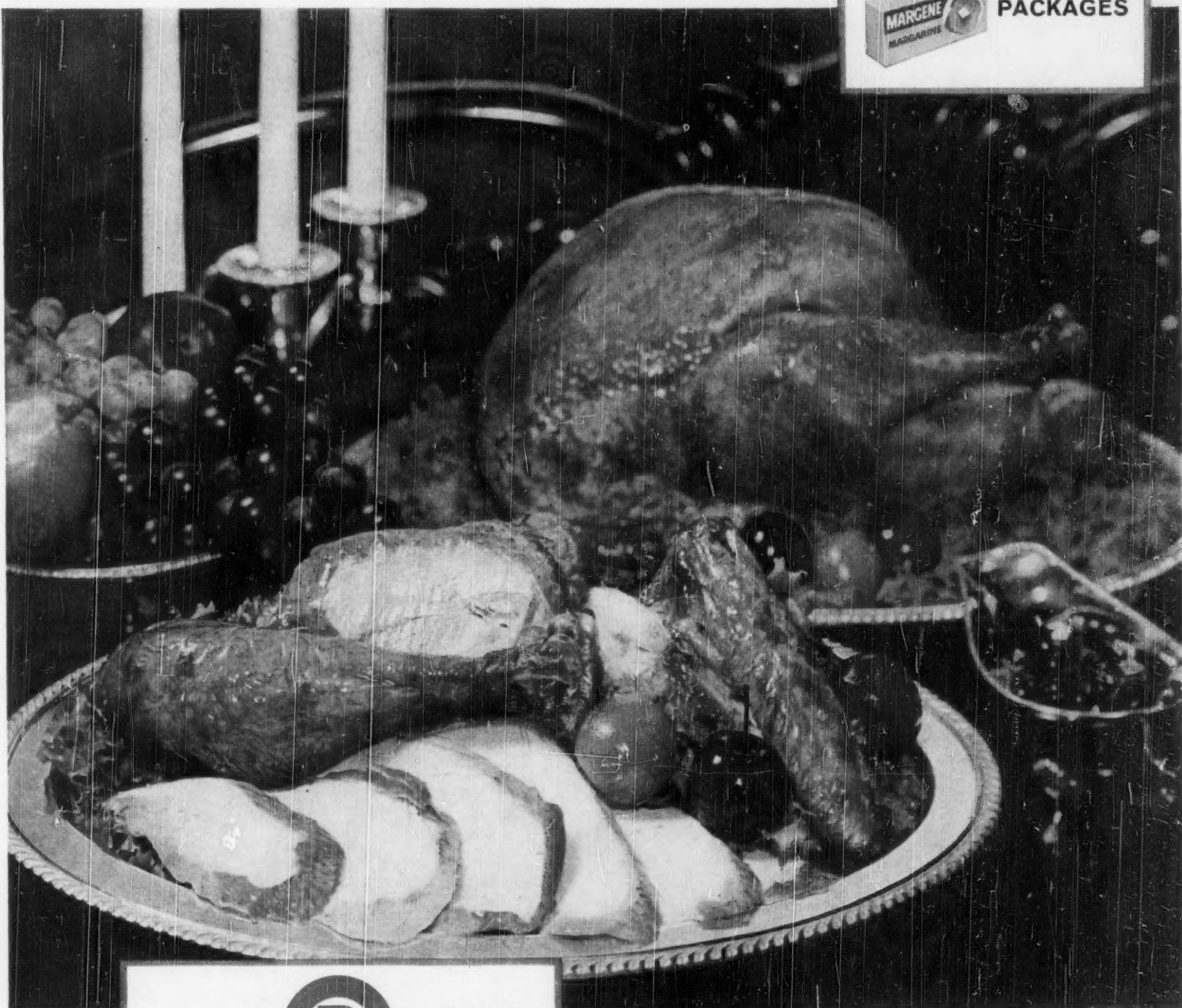
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Let's talk Turkey! Rub inside of bird with softened Margene Margarine before stuffing—it gives your stuffing a richer flavour, helps keep turkey moist. Rub outside of bird liberally with Margene before popping in oven, then baste frequently with melted Margene during roasting time.

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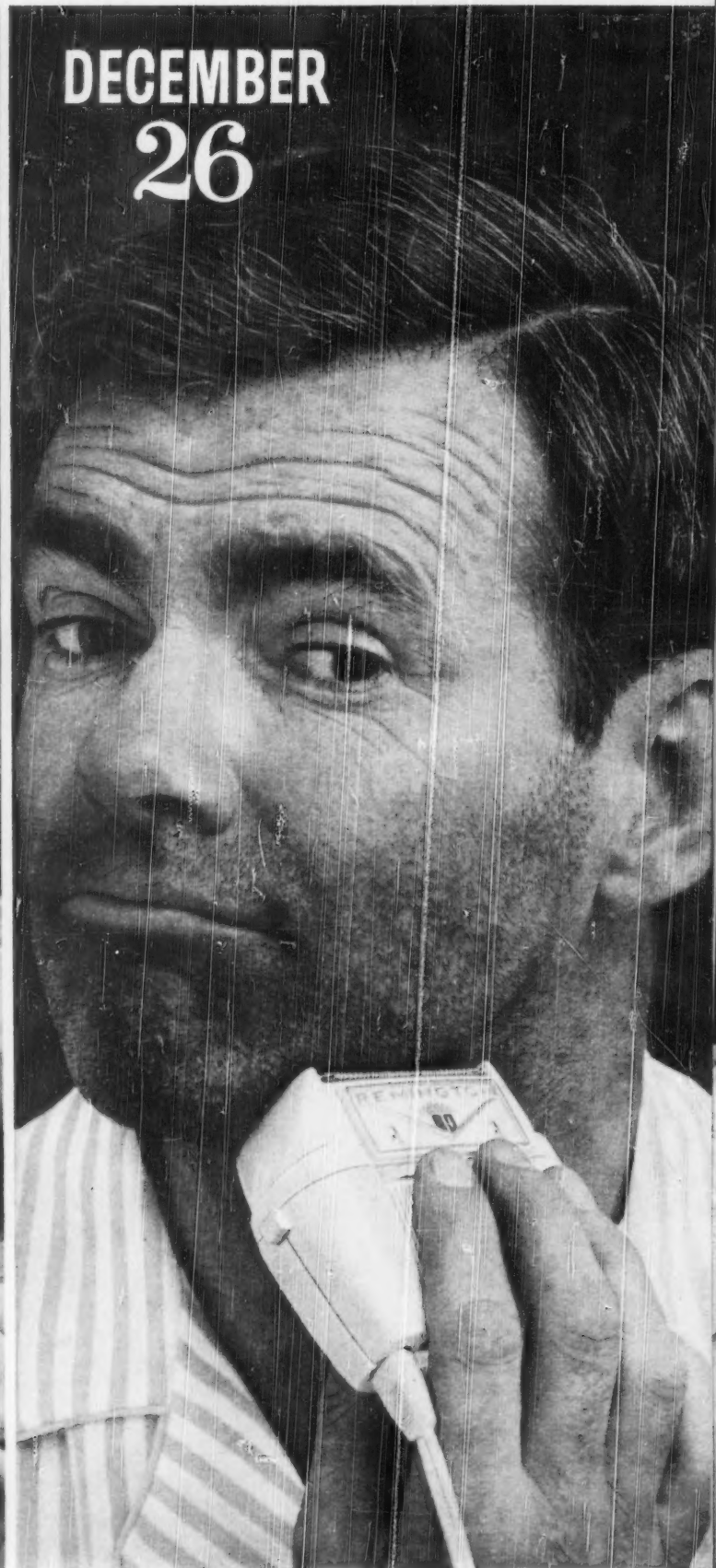
HOW TO BREAK AN OLD-

DECEMBER
25



An adjustable Remington Roll-A-Matic? How'd she know?

DECEMBER
26

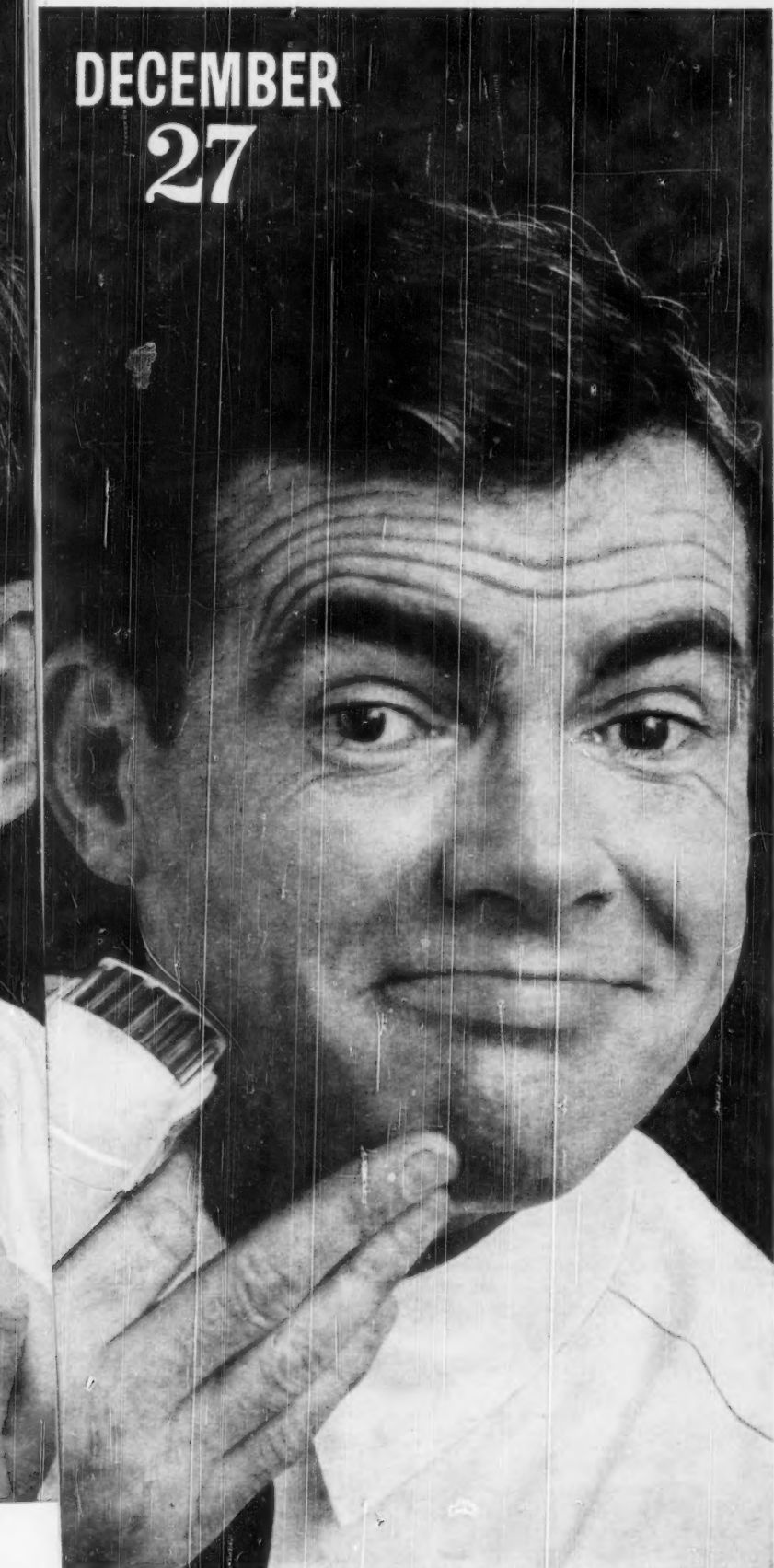


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DECEMBER
27

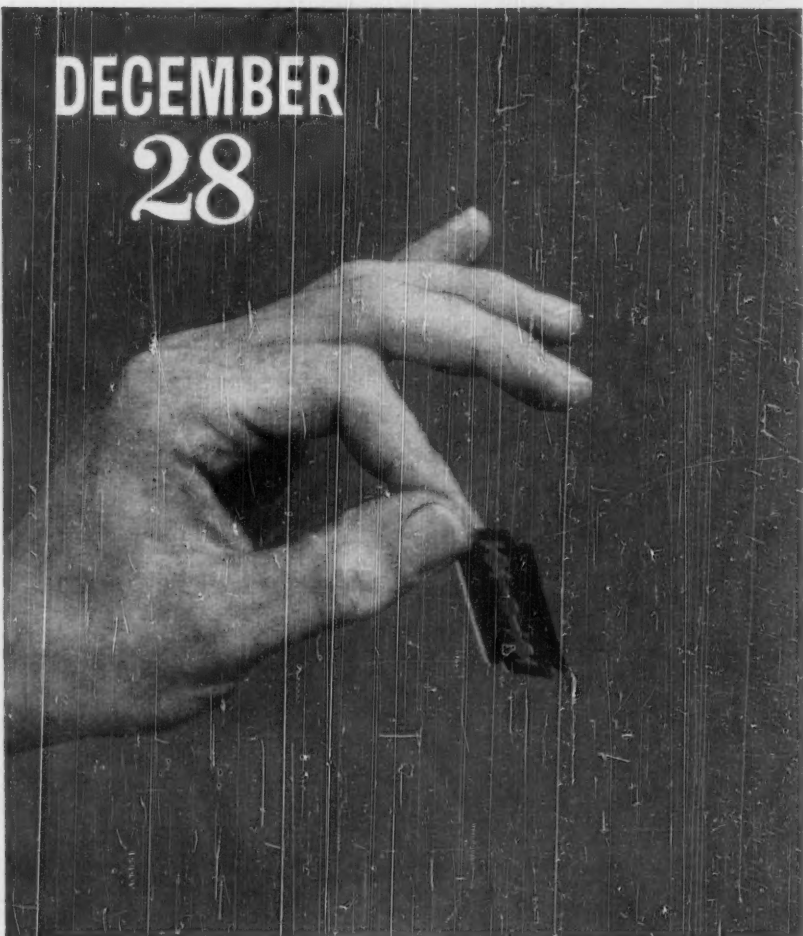


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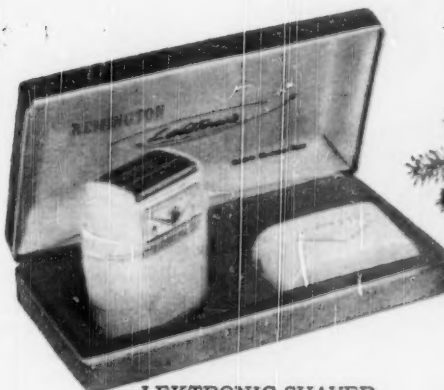
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D-59.3

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

THE ALAMO: Outnumbered by more than thirty to one, the defenders of San Antonio's Alamo fortress held out for thirteen days before being massacred to the last man during Texas' rebellion against Mexican tyranny in 1836. Britain's Laurence Harvey (above) ably portrays the doomed garrison's foppish, valiant commanding officer in this massive made-in-Texas movie about the battle. Producer-director John Wayne appears as the heroic Tennessee buffoon, Davy Crockett, with Richard Widmark as the fiery Jim Bowie, king of the knife-fighters. The film is sometimes too gabby and too sentimental but is magnificent to look at, and the inexorable climax is awesome in its scope and fury. The screenplay by James Edward Grant reflects the fact that the Alamo chronicle is a compound of truths, half-truths and romantic legends. It also shows that there was bravery on both sides.

AREN'T WE WONDERFUL?: A pungent satirical drama from West Germany. It bluntly asserts that even the "good" Germans of the 1930s ought to blame themselves for Hitler's rise, and that many unrepentant ex-Nazis today hold positions of power in their enigmatic Fatherland.

A BREATH OF SCANDAL: One of Ferenc Molnar's romantic comedies from an earlier generation has been turned into a rather soggy fairytale, starring Sophia Loren as an Austrian princess — frisky but basically wholesome — who must choose between a prince from Prussia and a chivalrous Mr. Nobody from America (John Gavin). As her sophisticated father, Maurice Chevalier toils hard but in vain to make yesterday's ginger ale taste like today's champagne.

IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT: From Sweden, with a dubbed English soundtrack, comes this quiet but fascinating suspense thriller about a henpecked fat man whose way of avenging himself against women is to murder little girls in the forest. The detective (Heinz Rühmann) is laudably free of the egotism and eccentricities often noted in cinematic sleuths.

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN: One of Akira Kurasawa's Japanese masterworks, variously known as *Samurai* and *Seven Samurai*, is the unacknowledged source of this handsome but pretentious Hollywood western, starring Yul Brynner. Seven gunslingers are hired to defend a Mexican village against bandits, and are somehow ennobled amid the slaughter.

TEN WHO DARED: The Powell expedition along the Colorado River in 1869 has been used as the foundation of a mildly interesting adventure film produced by Walt Disney. With Brian Keith, John Beal.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

The Angry Silence: Drama. Good.
The Apartment: Romantic comedy-drama. Excellent.
As the Sea Rages: Melodrama. Poor.
Bells Are Ringing: Comedy. Good.
Butterfield 8: Sexy drama. Fair.
Cinderella: Farce-fantasy. Poor.
Cone of Silence: Suspense. Good.
Desire in the Dust: Drama. Fair.
The Eighth Day of the Week: Polish drama. Good.
Elmer Gantry: Comedy-drama. Excellent.
The Entertainer: British drama. Good.
Girl of the Night: Adventure. Fair.
House of Usher: Horror. Good.
I Aim at the Stars: Drama. Good.

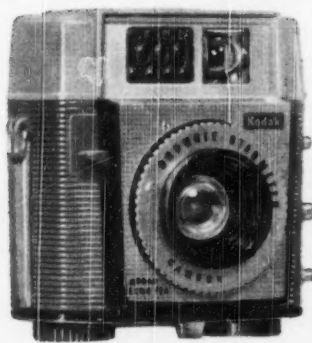
Inherit the Wind: Courtroom drama. Good.
Jungle Cat: Wildlife actuality. Good.
Let's Make Love: Comedy. Good.
Midnight Lace: Suspense. Fair.
The Night Fighters: Irish drama. Fair.
Psycho: Hitchcock horror. Good.
Savage Innocents: Eskimo drama. Fair.
Song Without End: Biog musical. Good.
Spartacus: Gladiator drama. Good.
Sunrise at Campobello: FDR biog drama. Excellent.
Surprise Package: Comedy. Good.
Swiss Family Robinson: Adventure. Good.
Under Ten Flags: Sea war. Good.
Where the Hot Wind Blows: Italian sexy melodrama. Poor.

KODAK GIFTS SAY:

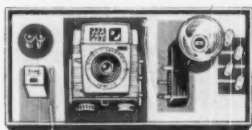
"Open me first!"



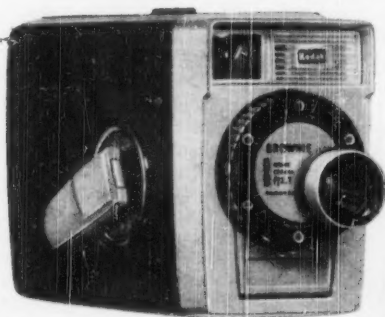
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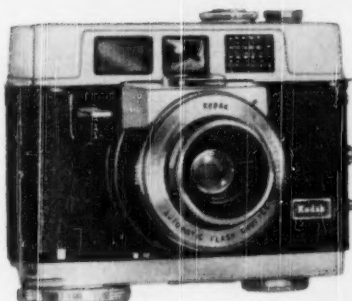
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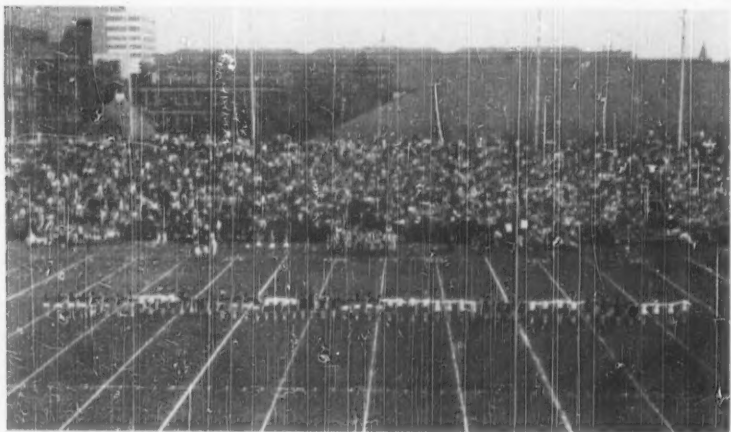
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ALL THIS AND FOOTBALL TOO

Girls, floats, gags, and a beatnik band made the game worth watching, between plays



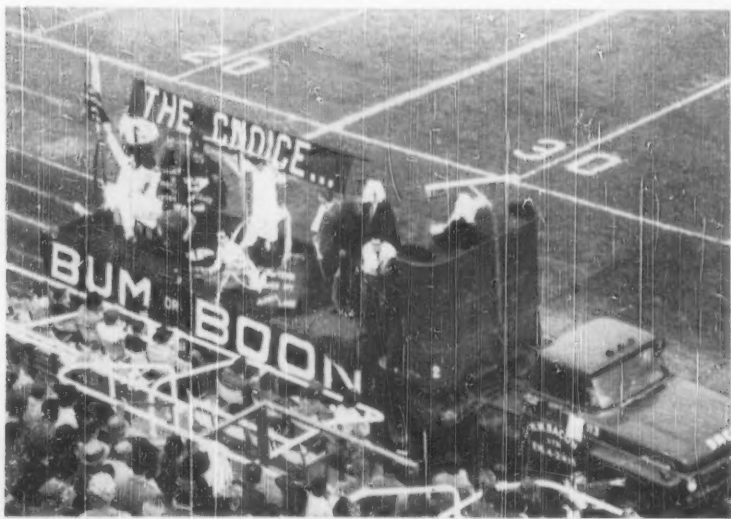
In the second quarter, a squad of Forestry girls advertised the half-time show.



At half time, all the cheerleaders gathered to form elaborate lines in the field.



Homecoming Parade Floats were keyed to a theme: The Student, Bum or Boon?



During the half-time fun and hoopla, winning floats rolled past the game-goers.

of girls. Anyway a lot. I discover that this is because it's fraternity rushing weekend at McGill and the fraternity men, old and new, are staying home. Pity. Wish I'd gone on a weekend thus handicapped. Recall the time on a train to McGill I made five different dates for Saturday night as a sort of challenge, then cancelled four of them at the game and never did see the fifth.

Next car—the farthest ahead—seems quite lively too, but sounds of music begin to come from the (speaking back to front) penultimate one. I round up Tom Davenport, the photographer, and venture back to join in.

The singing begins to one banjo. It is When the Saints Go Marching In. There's a fresh twist. We sang it. Our fathers probably sang it. Everyone sang it. Soon the banjo is joined by a ukulele and a pair of bongo drums, a muted trumpet and a guitar. They try Dixie. No one knows the words. You Are My Sunshine. Everyone does. The party is starting well. I'm surprised to note we're just passing Montreal West.

Moment of consternation. Heather has been seen on the station platform but the train didn't stop. Someone points out that Heather can get the next section, in five minutes. "But it's not this train," says someone else. "It's not this train at all."

The singers try Michael Row the Boat Ashore, which is the first number that wasn't played in my day, and In the Evening, by the Moonlight, and James McGill, and Old Toronto Mother Ever Dear, and a couple more spirituals. Considerable difficulty with the words.

I notice a little squirrel of a girl on the periphery. Grey skirt, no make-up, flat black shoes. She has a harmonica. She plays two choruses of You Are My Sunshine very quietly, so no one will notice. Student in a white cowboy hat, perched on the back of a seat, keeps leading everyone off key. The squirrel smiles. She goes back up the car. Too bad.

I work out a checklist of types, to set against my own college generation. They're almost all the same. A lot of Joe Colleges in full regalia—sweaters, funny hats, McGill scarves. A few girls prowling the aisles looking for dates. One is a sub-cheerleader. Gets her expense money, but barring an accident or injury on the first string doesn't get to cheer. That's show-biz.

One group, obviously all in the same women's fraternity, talking in first names. ("It's all over with Bill and me, but he's meeting the train.") One girl knitting and chewing gum. Is it safe? A few drinking from beer cans or paper cups; the big trick is to make everyone notice. Quite orderly. Spot only two people who couldn't be of my generation: two girls in beatnik guise, white makeup, black clothes. Very serious. Very unappealing. One reports she has just been leaning out from the platform feeling the wind. "Very Eugene O'Neill," she says. I suppose.

Band comes through leading conga line. Very Scott Fitzgerald, I suggest to beatnik acquaintance. She supposes. Band leaves. Car grows quiet.

One of the foremost singers is napping on the luggage rack. The party's moved to mid-car, where a tall blonde in gold earrings is leading a quiet sing-song and wishing more people would notice her. She misses the high note of Waltzing Matilda. Now she's wishing fewer people would notice her. On one corner seat, a leading student politician is necking warmly with two girls simultaneously.

FOOTBALL WEEKEND

continued from page 26

Nice trick. I point out that it is no wonder he has done well in politics. Girl on his lap interrupts a long kiss to agree. "He has a way with people," she says.

So it goes. These 340-mile parties, I recall, never do pace themselves properly. By half-way most of the songs are sung, most dates made, most beer gone. There's still too much feeling of anticipation for many people to sleep. I argue with the editor of the McGill Daily about the general spirit. I am somehow disappointed that these students are so similar to my own generation — even to singing the same songs. Don't know why, but I somehow wish they were more disturbed about the Bomb or something. The editor is no help.

We arrive in Toronto at eleven. The McGill crowd breaks up. A few girls are met by Toronto boys with whom they have dates. I take a taxi home.

THE PARADE:

My breakfast Globe and Mail has a story on the Homecoming Show, held at Varsity Arena while I was riding the train, and a picture of a chorus line with very attractive legs. I resolve not to miss any more of my alma mater's events.

I have never known why the University of Toronto—Varsity, as its people rather conceitedly call it — describes its alumni weekend as Homecoming. With fifteen thousand students it's too big to be Home. Rather like saying you Come From the hospital where you are born. Well, home or not, this Saturday morning it is a very pleasant place to be. About three thousand assorted students and alumni are there. I establish myself just behind the reviewing stand, where Claude Bissell, president of the university, Joe McCulley, warden of Hart House, and three leading student politicians sit behind desks to judge the best of the twenty-two floats in the Homecoming Parade. Warden McCulley just has time to inform me that this year's parade will be on the theme, The University Student, Bum or Boon?, based on some remarks Dr. Bissell made in his opening speech, when the first squadron of floats hoves into view. All very entertaining. Most divide floats into half Bums, half Boons. Faculty of Music plays that old favorite When the Saints Go Marching In. So does Architecture. My old school, University College, doesn't. Doesn't show much spirit either. Never did. Good; keeps up tradition. McGill band gets loud applause. Law float very funny. Stops at reviewing stand. Student imitates Diefenbaker. Says, "Mes amis Canadiens-français." All laugh. Law moves on.

Next comes the Canadian Officers Training Corps, with four soldiers in nineteenth-century uniforms, attentioned around an antique cannon. Float stops. Up on to the reviewing stand comes a student-officer in twentieth-century uniform. Very smart. Very smartly salutes Dr. Bissell. Dr. Bissell, recently appointed chairman of the Canada Council, is momentarily embarrassed. Stands up.

"Permission to fire a cannon, sir?" asks officer.

"Cannon?" says Bissell.

"Yes, sir," says officer. "It will just make a bang."

"All right," says Bissell. "I suppose you know what you're doing."

Officer salutes very smartly. Repeats the permission to nineteenth-century officer on float.

Nineteenth-century soldier moves to the cannon's muzzle and gestures like a man

doing the breast stroke, indicating the crowd lining the road should inch back. Crowd inches back. Someone snickers. Nineteenth-century soldier stuffs something into cannon's muzzle. Other nineteenth-century soldier rams it with a ramrod. All salute each other.

Bissell rises, inches back toward where I'm cowering, wondering if I may cover my ears without being noticed. "I hate bangs," says Bissell. I cover my ears.

Nineteenth-century soldier holds lighted wick to back of cannon. Nothing. Crowd snickers. Holds wick to cannon again.

BOOM.

Smoke everywhere. Barricade around float blown to smithereens.

D. Bastedo, class of 5T8, hit on nose with large L-shaped piece of barricade, dropped where he stands, forty feet from gun-site.

Mr. Bastedo is taken to Toronto General Hospital.

COTC moves off in cloud of smoke and embarrassment.

Dr. Bissell is furious. Crowd subdued.

Floats keep coming: Physical and Occupational Therapy, Wycliffe, followed by, just two floats too late, a Red Cross station wagon and the Faculty of Medicine, Ontario College of Education, Engineering, Judges huddle. Law wins.

THE LUNCH HOUR:

We alumni are supposed to retire to Hart House, where lunch is to be served, or rather we will be allowed to serve ourselves, in the cafeteria. I purchase my ticket and seek out Mr. Joseph Evans, a former registrar of the university who took over as director of alumni affairs in 1958. Mr. Evans points out that Toronto is not a rah-rah university but says there is a growing interest on the part of its alumni, an interest he attributes to sputnik and the postwar boom in babies. There are, he informs me, nearly 100,000 living Toronto alumni. They are represented by a federation of alumni of the various schools and colleges, from whose annual meeting Mr. Evans has just come. "Very satisfactory," he comments. Most of the interested alumni, according to Mr. Evans, are graduates of a couple of decades ago who have become established in the community and there has been a whole whirl of dinners and annual meetings and even a cornerstone laying put on for them by their various faculties. I make a quick check with the girl selling tickets and discover that of the 100,000 alive, 353 have so far showed up for lunch at Hart House. Very un-rah-rah, I decide, and slip out to have a glass of beer at the Park Plaza before the game.

THE GAME:

The annual edict has been laid down about students bringing liquor into the stadium and those who wish to do so have had to be more than usually ingenious. Our own trick used to be to carry beer in a suitcase, though why the Pinkertons at the gates ever thought we needed a suitcase to watch a football game I don't know.

This time, unequipped, I find a seat near the students, in the end-zone, and am soon engrossed in what promises to be a much better game than anyone has expected.

McGill's Redmen are not going to admit they are underdogs. Led by their very capable quarterback, Tom Skypeck, a postgraduate import from Cornell, they march quickly to a field goal and an unconverted touchdown.

For the rest of the first half, in spite of the urgings of a student who looks as lonely as I feel and who has taken up a position on my left, the Blues cannot retaliate. Their quarterback, Norm Turner,

a former Toronto high-school star in whom the Argonauts are said to have a more than usual interest, is demonstrating how far he can throw a pass—more often than not, farther than his receivers can run. By half time, I am silently pulling for McGill to pull off the upset.

At half time, all the cheerleaders from this morning's parade run around in complicated patterns. Very colorful. Toronto fans stand for a chorus of Old Toronto etc. Damned if I will, all by myself in the end zone. I go for a Coke.

More choruses in the second half as

the Blues come to life. Turner kicks a single in the third quarter and has his team moving by three-quarter time. Teams change ends.

Everyone's attention is diverted, not by the cheerleaders but by a policewoman who is slowly walking up an aisle in the student section. Loud boos. Louder. She picks up an empty liquor bottle, looks ominously down the row and carries it down under the stands. Very gingerly. During the booing, while no one but his receiver was looking, Turner has thrown a touchdown pass. Convert missed. 9-7.

Just time for a quick chorus of Old Toronto, which I still won't join, and the policewoman appears from below the stands again. Looks like a fox coming out of her lair. She's joined by a second. Very crafty. Less chance of a riot with police-women. The foxes spot their prey in the act. One reaches three seats along a row and leads a student out by the sleeve, relieving him of a nearly empty bottle.

Thunderous boos. Student raises his arms like conquered western villain. Loud cheers.

The trio, marching single file, disap-

Loneliness disappears...in seconds

she's close again to those she loves,
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pears underground. Once more the police-women. Another student, this one with an almost full bottle, feels the dainty arm of the law. Loud boos. Poor him. Probably saved all week for that bottle. The foxes make two more sorties. Have to admire their courage. About eight thousand people booing. Also have to admire their growing collection of bottles.

Meanwhile, the game has reached its climax. Turner has led the Blues inside the McGill 20. First down. Time running out. Runs wide to the right. Student on my left urges field goal. So do most of the students who haven't been arrested.

Turner ignores them. Runs straight ahead. Too wide for a field-goal attempt on third down. Passes instead. Incomplete. The upset is complete.

Yeah McGill.

AFTER THE GAME:

Playing their new-found role of victors very close to the chest, the McGill students ignore the goalposts—modern engineering has designed unpull-downable goalposts anyway—and head for the tea dance in Varsity Arena. So do I. Kaleidoscope of cheerleaders and bandmen and faculty jackets. The real purpose of this tea dance, of course, is to act as a marketplace for last-minute dates, although

many students who already have dates for this evening must have come today; there are surely a couple of thousand whirling to the big professional band on stage. Probably just testing their skill.

McGill cheerleaders take advantage of a break between sets for a victory yell. Varsity answers. Then an engineer—there's always an engineer—leads a yell for the School of Practical Science. Louder than either McGill or all Toronto. That proves something.

Spot politician who has a way with people dancing with one of the girls he was necking with on the train. I decide to try my skill—dancing, that is. Select a pretty blonde in blue and white, with bare legs and high white boots with tassels on them. Varsity baton-twirler. Learned her trade at East York Collegiate. I say isn't that the school that turns out all the football stars? "Yes," she says. "Twirlers too." I ask if there are special scholarships for twirlers. There aren't. I ask her what her plans are for the evening. She's going to the Blue and White dance at Hart House. I realize I never went to a Blue and White dance (they're held every home football weekend) and ask if they're fun.

Apparently they are. "It's all decorated and everything and they have five bands

and everything and you can go from one room to another to dance and everything." Tea-dance band begins playing something very fast. Since there's no other room we can go to for a change of rhythm, I excuse myself and everything and go home for dinner.

SATURDAY NIGHT:

In my day, the climax of the football weekend was the Saturday evening party on St. George Street. I mean party, singular, because everyone moved from fraternity house to fraternity house, using only the flimsiest of acquaintanceships to get in, or, failing any acquaintanceships at all, simply waiting until a large crowd who did have some went in to a strange house and following. Things have changed. At my own old frat house, I am questioned by a serious bunch of brothers in the foyer. One has a key. I fumble through the fraternity's secret handshake and am allowed in.

Inside, this year's members tell me this condition is true up and down the street—last football weekend they themselves had to hire two policemen to keep their party private.

Inhospitality has come to St. George Street.

I spot, to my surprise, three brothers

from my own year. Do better than usual in situations like this: remember two names of three and vamp the third till it comes up in conversation.

They've brought their wives. Should I have brought mine? Decide no, as party progresses. Notice band wears glimmering white jackets and plays rock 'n' roll.

Spot a couple of girls from the train, the two who were necking with the politician. Don't discover politician. Girl who was with him at tea dance says he has another date. Say, "Aren't you upset?" She says no, he has a girl-friend who's in Europe anyway. Decide he *does* have a way with people.

Girls have met two of my brothers—they all keep introducing me as Elder Brother Gzowski; isn't that silly?—at the tea dance. I dance once with each girl from McGill, once with a contemporary's wife.

Decide I should have brought my wife. Band quits at 1.30, without playing Goodnight Ladies. Good for them.

Few people sit around with shoes off drinking beer. Very quiet now. One brother quietly plays banjo. I hear him working on The Saints as I go home.

Nice warm autumn rain. Campus looks very lovely under it. Decide I'll come Home again in another five years or so. ★



The weirdest secret weapon of the war continued from page 24

"The advantages are so dazzling that they do not need to be discussed," Churchill wrote

to land and refuel in this remote ocean deepfield, then the U-boats would have nowhere to hide and their destruction would be quick and certain.

Conventional aircraft carriers were too vulnerable, their flight decks were too short for bombers and they would be ineffective during bad weather. The solution, Pyke thought, would be unsinkable carriers, so large that they could be used in the worst Atlantic weather, and so indestructible that victory at sea would lead to an early opening of the Second Front.

He pictured iceberg ships hollowed out to carry fuel tanks and given mobility to avoid drifting in high seas. They would be self-refrigerated to slow, if not halt, the natural process of melting.

He expanded this theme into a 232-page memorandum entitled Habbakuk, a misspelling of the Old Testament book that says, "For I will work a work in your days, which ye will not believe, though it be told you..."

He sent it to Combined Operations headquarters in London. Mountbatten, appalled at its complexity and aware that Churchill was disinclined to read a memorandum that could not be set out on one sheet of paper, asked Professor J. D. Bernal, a leading British physicist and a friend of Pyke's, to produce a synopsis.

Bernal's condensation revealed in a single page what Pyke had hidden in more than two hundred—a scheme of such bold simplicity that it not only attracted Mountbatten but also inspired spontaneous enthusiasm in the Prime Minister. On December 7, 1942, Churchill addressed a minute to the British Chiefs of Staff. It said in part:

"I attach the greatest importance to an examination of these ideas. The advantages of a floating island, or islands... are so dazzling they do not at the moment need to be discussed... The scheme is only possible if we let nature do the work

for us, using as raw material sea water and low temperature. The scheme will be destroyed if it involves the movement of very large numbers of men and heavy tonnage of steel or concrete to the remote recesses of the Arctic night."

Since little was known about ice in Britain, the Chiefs of Staff decided to ask the Canadian government to undertake research and eventually build the first Habbakuk aircraft carrier.

Dr. C. J. Mackenzie, who was then president of the National Research Council in Ottawa and is now president of the Atomic Energy Control Board, told me recently:

"Vincent Massey, then our High Commissioner in London, always kept me unofficially informed of scientific work in

Britain. Early in January 1943 he warned me by letter that an official approach for Canadian help would be made in connection with a scheme to turn icebergs into ships. Although I was pretty tied up with our atomic research program I prepared the council for orders involving another decisive weapon sharing the same rating of highest priority and utmost secrecy."

Mackenzie thought Habbakuk stimulating, not because of its strategic implications but because it promised an adventure in science. There had never been a thorough investigation of the properties of ice, nor had ice ever been thought of as a structural material, except by Eskimo igloo-builders.

How brittle or plastic was ice? What stresses could it withstand? And if pure

ice proved unsuitable, how could it be reinforced?

The first informal conference was held in Mackenzie's office on January 14, 1943, attended by, among others, Dr. William Harrison Cook, director of the division of applied biology, and two physicists, Dr. John David Babbitt and Dr. Charles David Niven.

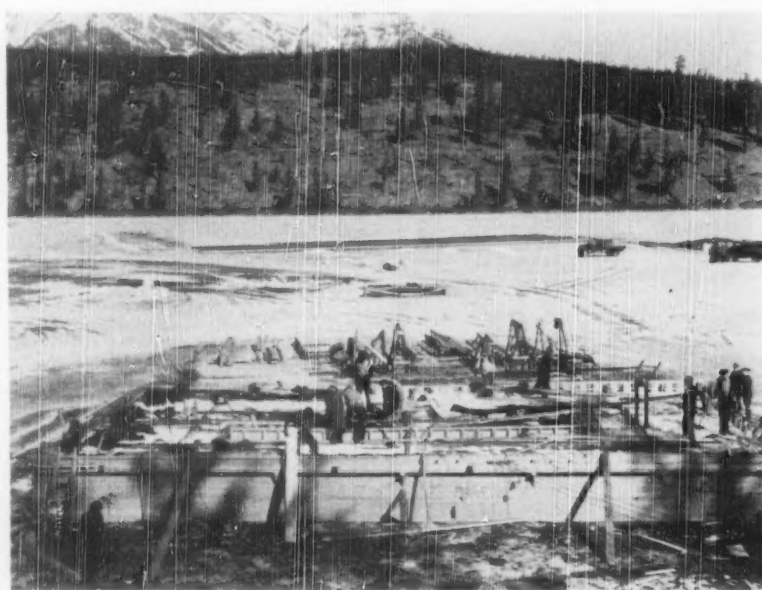
No minutes were kept in the interest of secrecy, but Niven recalls: "After we were told what was in the wind, someone dismissed the scheme as preposterous. I did not agree and said so. As a result I was elected to take charge of building a prototype if that stage was reached. That's how I got into the shipbuilding business."

At this conference it was decided to ask the universities of Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan to undertake research into the properties of ice, to set up an ice-testing station on a glacier overlooking Lake Louise, to begin preparations at Jasper for the building of a 1,000-ton model on Patricia Lake and for Cook and Babbitt to concentrate in Montreal and Ottawa on the problems of refrigeration.

On January 25, the Canadian war cabinet formally approved Project GE-1, placed it under the direction of Mackenzie, and allotted \$150,000 for initial research. This was Habbakuk under another cover name. It was described as "a scientific investigation requested by the British government." Forewarned, Canadian scientists had already been at work for nearly two weeks.

Nor was Pyke idle in Washington. Restored to favor by Churchill's support of Habbakuk, he emerged from voluntary seclusion to telephone Dr. Herman Mark, a former Viennese polymer chemist then on the staff of the Brooklyn Polytechnic in New York.

Speaking cautiously, he asked if Mark had once written papers on the structure of glaciers and the causes of avalanches. Mark agreed he had been guilty of such



On Patricia Lake, near Jasper, Canadian crews worked on a model Habbakuk carrier.



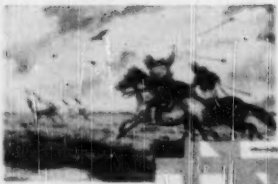
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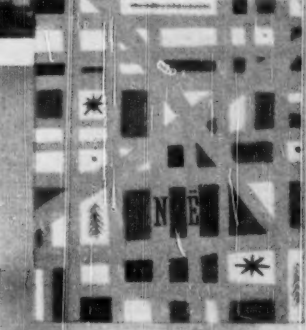
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youthful indiscretions and promised to report the following morning at the Washington liaison office of Combined Operations. Thus, at about the time that Habbakuk formally arrived in Ottawa, Mark was listening as Pyke explained that a torpedo might fracture an iceberg ship. Was there a way to reinforce natural ice?

Offhand, Mark didn't know of one, but if Pyke were in no hurry he would be pleased to try a few experiments. He returned to New York, rented space in a refrigerated warehouse and vanished from sight, complete with overcoat and earmuffs.

Considerable activity was also taking place in London where Dr. Max Perutz, a Combined Operations scientist, had requisitioned a basement beneath the Smithfield meat market—where ice was readily available—and was busily pounding away at blocks of ice of all shapes and sizes.

Early in February, Mackenzie went to New York to see for himself what was happening in Mark's warehouse. He called on Mark, telephoned London, and found that three highly likely means of reinforcing ice were being investigated independently—wood and moss in Canada, wood pulp in New York and a mixture of paper and sawdust in London.

Mackenzie returned to Ottawa where he met Pyke and Professor Bernal, who had flown to Canada from a project in North Africa. They set off to test the effects of explosives on ice at Lake Louise.

"They made an odd pair," Mackenzie told me. "Pyke always looked in need of a bath, and Bernal, a really brilliant man, wore thin summer clothing, hopelessly inadequate for a Canadian winter. I had decided to take Dr. Cook with me on this trip and we boarded the train in Ottawa with the two Englishmen, who were as excited as children at the prospect of a ride across Canada.

"In fact, traveling with Pyke was just like traveling with a child. He kept money and old envelopes stuffed in every pocket. He jotted down on old envelopes any thought that occurred to him. If he had to pay for anything he would hand over the first piece of paper to come to hand—and it might contain the outline of a scheme that one day would be a top secret. He kept losing his ticket and even-

tually Dr. Cook had to keep it for him."

The tests at Lake Louise were carried out with explosives, high-powered rifles and revolvers. Then the party moved to Jasper where Niven, the amateur ship-builder, was coming to grips with the problems of constructing a warship from ice. He had conscripted labor from a nearby camp of Mennonite and Doukhobor conscientious objectors, and persuaded the CNR to allow him to use the railway workshops at Jasper.

There a wooden base carrying a twelve-inch outer skin of insulation consisting of vermiculite and charcoal was erected to surround the ice hull. Then Niven built on the base with blocks of ice. As the vessel grew taller, so it would sink through the ice into the water. Pipes were laid between the insulating skin and the ice; through them, cold water would be pumped to offset any warmth that might seep through the insulation.

When finished the model would be sixty feet long, thirty feet wide and twenty feet deep.

By the time the party returned to Ottawa near the end of March, Herman Mark had emerged from his Manhattan warehouse to report that the most effective ice reinforcement was wood pulp. When a mixture of ten percent pulp and ninety percent water was churned together and then frozen, the resulting substance resembled the hardest of woods and was capable of withstanding pressures of 3,000 pounds a square inch.

This information was passed to the three western universities and to the testing station at Lake Louise, where work was switched to the construction of huge beams of the new material using pine pulp as the vital ingredient. The scientists began calling the material pykrete, after the originator of Habbakuk.

In London, Perutz made several samples of pykrete to check Mark's calculations and then closed down his work, which was duplicating Canadian research.

Niven, at Jasper, clashed with the federal department of labor when his skilled conscientious-objector workers were ordered away from Patricia Lake to work on farms. Because Habbakuk was secret he could not tell the department why he needed the men, and a flurry of angry messages flew between Jasper and Ottawa.

Pyke heard about the squabble and,



"And then you know what the punk says to me?
Me, Santa Claus . . ."

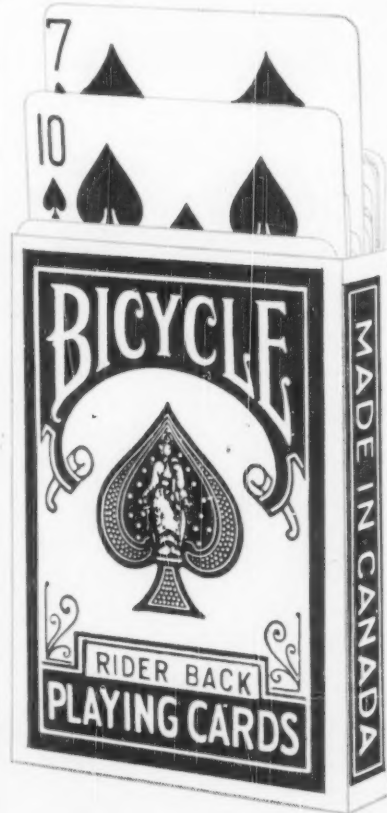


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alarmed at "stupid interference by bureaucrats," insisted that Prime Minister Mackenzie King should be told about it. Not long afterward, to the astonishment of everyone working on the project, Niven's boatbuilders were returned to him.

"It was a typical piece of Pykery," I was told by a senior official in Ottawa. "He just ranted and stormed until he got his way."

While this was going on, an interchange with Bernal nearly caused Cook to mutiny. Cook had pointed out to Bernal that as icebergs floated with only about an eighth of their bulk above water, the much heavier pykrete would sink lower in the water. How did the eminent British scientist propose to counter this problem?

"That's easy," replied Bernal equably. "We'll just blow air bubbles into the pykrete and increase its buoyancy."

"How?" asked Cook. "Oh, never mind that now, old boy. We'll find some way when the time comes."

Cook still chuckles about this incident. "At this stage," he told me, "I began to view the whole of Habbakuk as fatuous nonsense."

Reports from Lake Louise suggested Cook might be right. The forty-foot beams of pykrete being tested there were standing only half the stresses claimed by Mark. Only Pyke and Bernal were undismayed. They left Ottawa for England satisfied with progress — and in May two events lent support to their optimism. Niven's Ark was completed on Patricia Lake and researchers at Lake Louise had restored faith in pykrete with the discovery that spruce pulp gave ice greater strength than pine pulp.

The project was further advanced by a letter from Churchill to Mackenzie King expressing the hope that he would give Habbakuk his "vehement support." If Churchill smiled at his choice of the word "vehement," he must have been delighted at the reply. The austere Mackenzie King assured him of Canada's "continued support."

If Habbakuk proved feasible, the actual building of a pykrete aircraft carrier would be a technical engineering problem. Dr. Mackenzie, as the project's Canadian director, asked the Montreal Engineering Company to get plans started.

Then the British Admiralty, skeptical of Habbakuk from the start, stipulated that the carrier should be able to ride out waves a hundred feet high and a thousand feet long; the flight deck should be fifty feet above the water and two thousand feet long, to accommodate bombers.

Although these specifications would more than double the size of the ship as originally planned, the Montreal Engineering Company produced a design for a Habbakuk carrier 2,000 feet long, 300 feet wide, 200 feet deep and weighing two million tons. It would be equipped with hangars, workshops, fuel tanks, anti-aircraft guns, living quarters for a crew of more than 2,000 and be driven by twenty-six aircraft engines capable of producing seven knots. Except for the flight deck the hull would be encased in a thick insulating skin; additional skins would run like veins through the pykrete shell. If the outer skin were to be holed by a torpedo, the damage could virtually be ignored. The exposed pykrete would take months to melt and when it did another insulating skin would appear.

Combined Operations in London accepted the design and asked the Canadian government to start work on the world's first iceberg aircraft carrier, at an estimated cost to Britain of \$70,000,000. This was less than half the cost of a conventional carrier of such a size.

Corner Brook, Newfoundland, where a suitably low average winter temperature and protected waters of sufficient depth would be found, was selected as the building site.

Mackenzie was appalled at the prospect of mobilizing a large part of the Canadian war effort for Habbakuk. Workers would have to be trained in the manipulation of a new material, factories would have to produce new forms of tools, huge amounts of steel would be consumed by layers of stabilizing trelliswork, the Corner Brook site would have to occupy

at least 100 acres, and the insulating and refrigeration piping would absorb almost the entire production of North America.

Late in June he flew to London for a series of conferences with Admiralty construction experts and scientists, most of whom disliked Pyke.

He received a frigid reception because the confidence exuded by Pyke and Bernal on their return from Canada had created the impression in London that Canadian scientists supported Habbakuk. Vincent Massey resolved the misunderstanding by inviting some of the military

and scientific leaders associated with the scheme, including Mountbatten, to dinner at Canada House, ostensibly to meet the president of the National Research Council.

"I told them I had come to advise against further work on Habbakuk because of the enormous economic strain it would impose on our resources," Dr. Mackenzie told me. "As I spoke the attitude of my listeners changed. They had expected me to urge more haste and there I was taking their side against the scheme."

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Mountbatten's shot ricocheted off the ice, just missing two war leaders

When he finished speaking a senior naval officer, influential in Allied war councils, walked across the room and grasped his hand. "That's the first piece of common sense I've heard spoken on this fool plan," he growled. Mountbatten stalked from the room.

Although he and Churchill were unconvinced by either Mackenzie or the hardening opposition on all sides in London, events at sea, where the Battle of the Atlantic was swinging in favor of the Allies for the first time, forced them to reappraise Habbakuk.

Convoy escorts, equipped with new anti-submarine devices, began to kill U-boats in increasing numbers, and bombers capable of flying greater distances went into production ahead of schedule, giving promise of an unbroken canopy of

air patrols over the entire length of the trans-Atlantic convoy routes.

The strategic considerations that had made Habbakuk so vital a few months before were unexpectedly lessening in importance. Churchill, still the scheme's most powerful advocate, decided that a Habbakuk carrier should still be built — even if someone else paid for it. Why not the United States? If he could convince President Roosevelt and the American Chiefs of Staff that Habbakuk might shorten the Pacific war, then nothing could prevent the iceberg carrier from rising in the sheltered waters of Corner Brook.

The Quadrant conference was to be held at Quebec in August and he chose this as the stage on which he would produce convincing evidence. If his act was

to succeed he would need props, so Mountbatten was told to have samples of pykrete available at the Chateau Frontenac Hotel.

This conference was bitter. It was saved only when all aides and secretaries were dismissed from the conference room and the war leaders settled down to plain speaking. In the relieved atmosphere that followed the resolving of differences, a large block of ice and another of pykrete were brought in and placed on the floor. Churchill invited the strongest-looking American present, General Henry (Hap) Arnold, to pick up a chopper and smash both samples.

The general took a swipe at the ice and splintered it into small pieces; then he delivered another mighty blow at the pykrete. The chopper bounced off and he

yelled with pain as the shock ran up his arms. Mountbatten clinched the demonstration by firing his pistol at the pykrete. The bullet hit at an angle, glanced off and ricocheted round the room, narrowly missing Admiral Ernest King and Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal.

Next morning President Roosevelt ordered the U. S. Navy to participate in the building of Habbakuk at Corner Brook. Since this relieved Mackenzie and the National Research Council of responsibility for the carrier, Mountbatten nominated Pyke as Combined Operations representative at Corner Brook.

When the U. S. Navy chiefs heard this, they blew up. Remembering Pyke's antics, they told Mackenzie it would be impossible to get priorities from Pyke's former Washington colleagues as long as he had anything to do with Habbakuk. Mackenzie wrote to Mountbatten: "The presence of Pyke as director of Operation Habbakuk will have a disastrous effect on American participation. I have been compelled to inform my government of this position and I am instructed to request that you do not send Pyke."

Pyke's dream collapsed. Not only was he forbidden to watch it come true, but he was also deprived of the support he had always received from Mountbatten, who had left Combined Operations to become supreme commander in South-east Asia.

Habbakuk was left to an uncertain fate in the hands of the Americans until December 16, 1943, when the U. S. Navy informed the Allied governments that "as Habbakuk's major use would be for the Japanese war, the vessel should be built on the Pacific coast. This will involve such expenditure of effort that it cannot be undertaken without seriously interfering with plans of greater priority and has, therefore, been accordingly dropped."

Washington had avenged itself on Pyke. Habbakuk had been born there; now it died there. The cause was not only economic, but strategic. The development of the island-hopping technique of attack in the Pacific obviated the need for so effort-consuming an undertaking as Habbakuk.

The National Research Council rendered judgment on the scientific work by saying that the value of ice as a strategic material was only great where it could be found naturally and where little labor would be required in its manipulation. Canadian scientists still believe that their work was justified by the information obtained on the properties of ice and pykrete.

Pyke himself was never again to advise the great. He moved from war to peace still full of ideas but unable to persuade anyone of their value. In February 1948, on a wet winter's night in London, he looked around his old-fashioned bed-sitting room for the last time, swallowed a bottle of sleeping tablets and died.

Pykrete remains alive. In 1957, North Rankin Nickel Mines, which operates on the western shore of Hudson Bay, explored the possibility of using it for pit props and in building a pier. There is still a Most Secret file in Ottawa containing A Report on the Performance of the Refrigerating System in the Jasper Model During the Months of July and August 1943.

When the Canadian Navy asked the Admiralty in 1957 if this report could be declassified the reply was no. For reasons unknown the British insist that this aspect of Habbakuk should remain secret. As mystified as anyone else is Dr. C. D. Niven, author of the report and the first man ever to build an ice-ship. ★

HOME 26
VISITORS 27

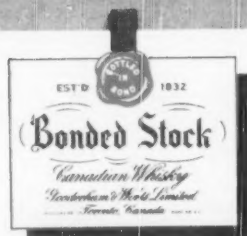
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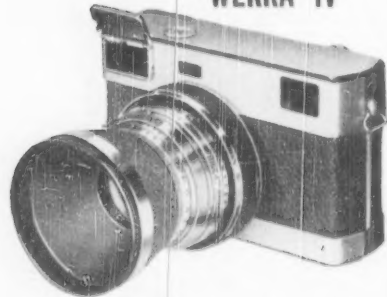


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How to improve your ploy continued from page 25

"Never sip the wine. Only tourists do that. Just sniff the cork"

gamesmanship has entered the language as Potter himself has entered the special hall of fame for inspired screwballs.

How does it go? Here's gamesman Potter at the billiard table, with his layman opponent just about to take his shot:

Potter: Look... may I say something?
Layman: What?
Potter: Take it easy.
Layman: What do you mean?
Potter: I mean—you know how to make the strokes, but you're stretching yourself on the rack all the time. Look! Walk up to the ball. Look at the line. And make your stroke. Comfortable. Easy. It's as simple as that.

In other words, the advice *must be vague*, to make certain it is not helpful. But, in general, if properly managed, the mere giving of advice is sufficient to place the gamesman in a practically invincible position.

My memorizing of this did me no good whatsoever.

In the course of my interviews I took Potter to lunch at Antoine's, in Charlotte Street. I had booked a table at a different restaurant. I suggested four other good restaurants. But, over the phone, Potter managed to convey that each of them was not quite right somehow. He can do it with a simple hesitation in his dry old-boy voice. He also makes use of the pregnant silence: I remember his saying, "Dover sole of course... twelve different ways... superb." I cancelled the table I had reserved elsewhere and booked at Antoine's. Potter was sixteen minutes late but when he came across the small room, Antoine to heel, hand outstretched, tie and hair flowing, obviously having broken away from some vital global matter, I was delighted to see him.

I had almost finished a lonely cocktail. He looked at it closely, and said, "Gin? Oh, perhaps not, before lunch... a glass of my sherry, I think, Antoine." Countering doggedly, I remarked that I had enjoyed waiting—one got so few opportunities to get one's thoughts in order. This won a nod of acknowledgment, before Potter snapped open the menu and ordered our lunch. We had sole, of course—the No. 11, as I remember. The sommelier was hovering.

I quote from the pages of *One-Upmanship*:

An essential point to remember is that everybody is supposed to take it for granted that every wine has its optimum year up to which it progresses, and beyond which it falls about all over the place. *E.g.* you can give interest to your bottle of four-and-sixpenny British Russet by telling your guest that you "wish he had been able to drink it with you when it was at the top of its form in forty-nine."

Alternatively you can say, "I'm beginning to like this. I believe it's just on the brink." Or I rather like saying, "I drink this now for sentimental reasons only... just a pleasant residue, an essence of sugar and water—but still with a hint of former glories. Keep it in your mouth for a minute or two... see what I mean?" Under this treatment, the definitive flavor of carbolec which has been surprising your guest will seem to him to acquire an interest if not a grace.

Potter flashed a new bit for me, from some unwritten chapter. When our Pouilly-Fuisse arrived, he extended a limp palm to the steward and said, pleas-

antly, "The cork." It was placed with great care in the centre of his palm. Potter lifted the cork to his thin nostrils, instantly flung it to the table and continued his conversation with me. An inclination of the head was the order to pour.

After the man had gone, a mischievous Potter grinned at me. "Never, never sip the wine to see if it's okay. Only tourists do that. Smell the cork. Just one sniff. This will give the sommelier an ulcer and silence the chap who is actually paying for the bottle. Funny thing is, every cork smells exactly the same to me."

With considerable nerve and considerable success Hart-Davis and Potter dealt the public four doses of this kind of stuff between 1947 and 1958. Devotees wrote pleading for still more. Edmund Wilson, probably the toughest book critic in the world, wrote; "It is astonishing that Stephen Potter should have been able to sustain this joke so long. The fourth volume is in no respect inferior to the others...."

To get his wind back between these books, Potter churned out (in 1954) a serious study of English humor and, in 1956, Potter on America, a seldom-serious account of two lecturing tours in the United States and Canada.

After *Supermanship* or *How to Continue to Stay Top Without Actually Falling Apart*, Potter closed the College of One-Upness and Gameslifemastery in Station Road, Yeovil, and sent into retirement his famous colleagues, Gattling-Fenn and G. Orreida, because he was already

launched on an even bigger series, albeit on the same subject: Stephen Potter. The first volume of his autobiography, *Steps to Immaturity*, appeared last fall. This covered only the first nineteen years and he soberly intends to write three more books on his favorite topic. The first one is not funny. In fact, it's a little sad—or so it struck me.

Hours and hours later three o'clock was near and it was time for the school concert. A few mothers, towers of hat, had been walking stiffly round the grounds since lunch. Bad-day-itis had made me nervous. In the after-lunch break I had to practise on the platform. It took twenty-two steps to walk around the grand piano.

So I was to start the concert. Why not Denys Roberts? He was the really young one. I caught sight of my sister in the audience, and she gave me a friendly smile. One or two of her friends smiled, too, and the result of this was to make me walk up on the platform with unsuitable stumping gait, to show I was not afraid, even trying to be funny, it must have seemed—my everlasting bad habit when shy, or feeling things against me.

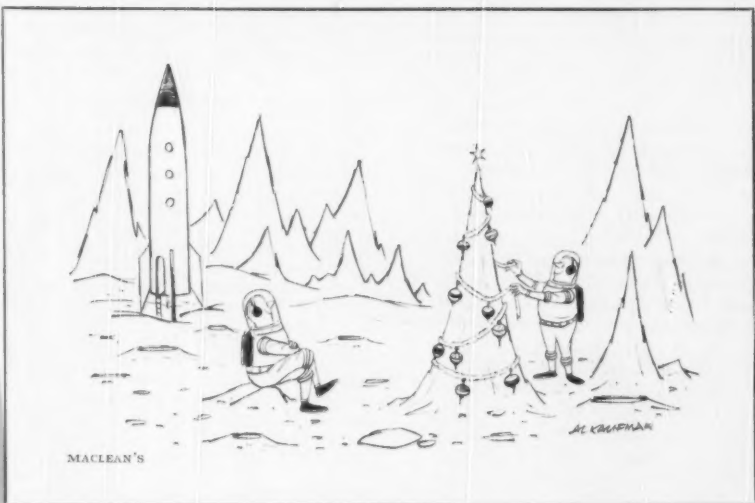
Potter had an attack of his Bad-day-itis on his first and only visit to Canada, in the fall of 1955. He flew in toward Toronto from Cleveland, pleased by the originality of Ohio place names—Euclid, Novelty, Aurora, Ontario's Kitchener, Waterloo and London seemed redundant. From Toronto he flew straight on to Winnipeg, which he found depressing.

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Instead of sleeping through the winter, why don't we just go south?"



MACLEAN'S

"Never," he wrote, "talk about the depression of Sunday until you have seen an October Sunday evening in Winnipeg. Streets too wide—spacious about nothing. Here and there little warped boarded shops, sagging, dirty, belonging to the early settlement, next door to forbidding concrete banks and twenty-story hotels. . . . The hard shop-window lights glare on a lot of rather expensive rubbish, as if trinkets for Indians." Catching the CPR for the west to fulfill a lifelong ambition, Potter comments: "How uncanny are these towns. The people rather bleak and sad, as if they vaguely felt they were missing something by being on the edge of things." He cheered up a bit at the sight of working men in check shirts who "looked really tough, not actor-tough, like some types of U.S. masculinity," and again when he got the front seat in the observation dome of the club car in the Rockies. Even this curdled, however, when a guide entered the car.

"There is a sort of Canadian accent," Potter observed, "which is harsher and has less of the lifeblood of intonation than the least inflected American. This crop-head guide told us sourly that there were the remains of an old cement works left, that 4,500 moose were once seen on Louise Peak and that we could have this book of technicolor photographs, all six of them, for one dollar fifty." He was shocked by the CPR's bar and dining-car prices.

But Vancouver made up for it all. He was struck dumb—no mean feat—by the setting sun from the Lions Gate Bridge. He lectured at UBC, while the students ate soundproof sandwiches and applauded heartily. He liked B. C. Binning, the painting professor, who met him, and Earle Birney, the poet and novelist, who introduced him. He loved Chinatown and the Capilano golf course.

Golf is gamesman Potter's forte. In his mad kind of logic he refers to it as the "gamesgame of gamesgames."

In the foursome or fourball game, the art lies in fomenting distrust between your two opponents. Do not let the student forget that the basis of Split Play is to make friends with your opponent A, and in that same process undermine his carefully assumed friendship—so easily liable to strain—with his partner, your opponent B, in order that, after the first bad shot by B, the thought "Poor you!" may be clearly implied by a glance from you, a shrug of the shoulders or the whistling of two notes as recommended by Gale (descending minor third).

Perhaps the most difficult type for the gamesman to beat is the man who indulges in pure play. In golf especially he is likely to wear you down by playing the "old aunty" type of game. My counter is to invent, even before the

game has started, a character called Jack Rivers. I speak of his charm, his good looks, his fine war record. Then, a little later, I say, "I like Jack Rivers' game. He doesn't care a damn whether he wins or loses so long as he has a good match." Give it time to soak in. Allow your opponent to achieve a small lead, by his stone-walling methods, and the chances are—even if he has been hearing about Jack Rivers for only thirty minutes—he will begin to think: "Well, perhaps I am being a bit of a stick-in-the-mud." He feels an irrational desire to play up to what appears to be your ideal of a good fellow. He himself was a bit mad once. Soon he is throwing away point after point by adopting a happy-go-lucky method which doesn't suit his game in the least. Meanwhile you begin to play with pawky steadiness and screen this fact by redoubling your references to Jack Rivers.

Potter is such amusing and witty company that you find yourself forgetting he is the very lifeman of lifemen and that he is pulling your leg half the time. Which half, is often the puzzle. It is a fact, though, that he lives at 23 Hamilton Terrace, in St. John's Wood, a London district that houses a number of literary lights, and that, at 60, he is the father of a four-year-old boy, Luke, by his second wife. His first marriage produced two sons, now aged 30 and 28. When Potter was editor of the Leader he decided to write an article about Heather Jenner, who ran England's most successful marriage bureau. She had "married" 14,000 people, including MPs, doctors, peers and even a canon. She was herself married to a wealthy farmer in Kent and they had a daughter and a son. Potter found Heather to be an engrossing subject and, four years later, with both divorces complete, they married.

I expected Potter to crush me when I asked the obvious question—"Do you really use gamesmanship and lifemanship in your own life?"—but he cheerfully insisted that he did, and offered the following example straight off the cuff:

The previous weekend he had been guest at a sumptuous country home—without his actually saying so you are sure it was a ducal retreat—and Lt.-Gen. Sir Ian Jacob, a former director-general of the BBC, had also been invited. Jacob was, of course, once Potter's boss. When Potter drove up to the portico in his three-point-four Jaguar he noticed at once that Jacob, who had arrived only minutes earlier, was driving a two-point-four Jag. Potter quickly pocketed his car keys to prevent the butler from sending his car to the garage, and it stood all weekend on the neat white gravel. Jacob took it bravely and it was sometime Sunday before he broke down and referred to Potter's more

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powerful, and more expensive, car. "How do you like the big job?" he had to ask. "Ach, it's got more horses than I need," said Potter in self-deprecating tones. "Don't know why I keep it . . . simply guzzles petrol."

As any dedicated lifeman knows, this kind of small coup can make the day. Any ordinary, sane reader who doesn't get the point can only be advised to go back to Book One or let the whole thing slide.

Just as cheerfully, Potter told me how he was once hopelessly put down by H. J. Heinz, the baked-bean baron. Potter was writing a company history for the Heinz concern and he and Heinz were luncheon companions. "You know how Americans are," Potter told me, "always deferring to Englishmen as being more culturally inclined, more cosmopolitan. Well, it came to the wine and Jack insist-

ed I should choose. So I studied the list and suggested a well-bred thing with a hint of happy laughter to it. Jack apologized profusely for butting in and asked if I would be kind enough to try the one listed immediately below my choice. He said he'd appreciate my opinion on it because he had bought the vineyard last year."

Potter rubbed a long-fingered hand across a pink cheek. "Absolutely flattened me. Try to think up a counter to that! It was true, too. He did own the damn vineyard."

Potter says he believes that, admitted or not, the practice of lifemanship is often the deciding factor in most human decisions. Politics is one long *ploy*, for instance. In *Supermanship*, he details the basic Khrushchev gambit—he calls it Trojan Horsemanship—and compares Khrushchev's one-upness to Anthony

Eden's perpetual one-downness. He also charts the Satellite Gambit and the Sputnik Ploy, points out that the root meaning of diplomacy is duplicity. Falling happily into Potterism, *The Times* commented: "The imagination reels at the thought of all the human activities which may now, through the cunning of Potter, be twisted to dark and subtle designs."

Potter may go to North America on another lecture tour next spring—"If I can afford it." The prospect of three months of continuous travel and incessant entertainment delights him. "Never in my life have I been entertained half or lionized a quarter as much as I would like to be," he says with that special wistfulness of the clever but lonely little boy. He has been warned off Toronto by so many friends that, as Lifeman No. 1, he feels it almost a duty to go there and subdue the natives.

Like many other Englishmen, laymen as well as lifemen, Potter has picked up the curious belief that Canadians go around hanging their heads because they feel inferior to Americans. In helpful mood, he offers the following counters:

Contrast the promise of the sunrise with the fading glories of the sunset. Canada's greatness, by allusion, is just beginning; the United States is on the downhill slope of decadence. Canadians could also say, "Two hundred millions by the year 2000? No wonder you like to come up here for a breath of fresh air." Or, if the target American is, say, an engineer from New York State, bone up in advance on some little-known N. Y. bridge disaster and when the conversation turns to engineering, slip in with your prepared story in precise detail in an interested voice, remarking, of course, that "it's the kind of thing that could happen anywhere." ★

The Communists are hard at play continued from page 23

"There's more Shakespeare and Molière being done in Budapest than there is in London or Paris"

pulsory etiquette classes are held for them.

Most people behind the Iron Curtain are very poor. They have no cars, no motorboats, no cottages and no recreation rooms with hi-fi sets where they can entertain their friends. Since they haven't enough money to throw a party and their homes are small and usually badly furnished, entertainment is done in public places where everyone pays his own bill. Chivalry has not quite died out; Hungarian men still kiss the hands of the girls and write poems to them, but they no longer insist on paying for their coffee and cake. This is one of the big changes in the life of women behind the Curtain; the other change is having to work. And this in turn has opened new vistas for flirting which, I was told, is still the favorite pastime of most people regardless of age, marital status and ideological convictions.

The Puritan trend of communism isn't really felt. Divorces are easy and frequent. If both parties wish it they can regain their freedom in six months.

It has never been a problem for members of opposite sexes to meet either in Prague or Budapest. It still isn't. There are dozens of cafés and espressos with afternoon and evening dancing. It is perfectly all right for a girl to go there alone or with another girl, order a coffee or a lemonade and dance with the boys, who will usually ask her the minute she sits down at a table. Even though the orchestras play American hits almost exclusively, rock 'n' roll is not in fashion. There is the odd cha-cha and mambo, which very few people can dance; most of the dancers make tango or fox-trot steps no matter what the music plays.

But the favorite pastime of people behind the Iron Curtain is the theatre. Everyone loves the theatre and everyone goes to the theatre. This is not a Communist achievement but it is greatly encouraged by the present régime. Nearly every organization, every plant, every school has its own amateur theatre guild. While in Budapest I read about the successful performance of a play by Molière produced, directed and played by the inmates of a mental hospital. No matter how small a town may be it will have at least one professional theatre. The capitals have dozens of them and they are fully booked every night. There is more

Molière and more Shakespeare being played in Budapest than there is in Paris or London. I saw a performance of *Antony and Cleopatra* in Hungarian. It lasted for nearly five hours because the Hungarians don't cut any of Shakespeare's lines. There was not one dull moment in it; it was superb.

There is no getting away from it: whether they want it or not, people behind the Iron Curtain are constantly being imbued with culture. Half the audience at *Antony and Cleopatra* were laborers and peasants. Some of them were probably forced to come. They might have preferred to go to a ball game or have a beer with their friends. But since they had to buy the tickets (a certain number of theatre tickets are distributed for a bargain rate at working places) they came; and once they came it is possible that they enjoyed themselves and if they enjoyed themselves they may come again. It is one way of educating people and one way is better than none. It seems to work: When I left the theatre I saw little groups of laborers standing on the sidewalk discussing particular scenes with great interest.

Besides classics, the Communist theatres play contemporary Russian and satellite plays, and works of Western playwrights in which they can find a useful message.

The message can be positive or negative. It can be a rebellious play like *Death of a Salesman* or *Inherit the Wind* (currently playing in both capitals) but it is just as good if it is a "decadent" play. Tennessee Williams, for instance, with his recurring message that everyone in America is a psychopath, seems to be one of the favorites of the Communists.

A number of theatres specialize in light satire. Primarily they ridicule the North Americans. I saw a play in Budapest about a Chicago heiress who refused to marry her fiancé because he kept falling asleep every time he saw her. Fortunately the mother of the heiress, a murder-story addict, managed to find a gangster for her daughter and for a while everyone seemed to be happy; then came tragedy. It turned out that the gangster was really a poet, which would have been bad enough, but to make it worse two other gangsters forced everybody on the stage at gunpoint to listen to his poems. It was really quite funny.

However, most of the digs at the West are cruder than that, especially in Czechoslovakia, which tries to outdo the anti-Americanism of Moscow.

While they have to ridicule the West the Hungarians are also allowed to laugh at themselves. To be sure, they are not allowed to criticize the régime, but they

may make fun of the problems of everyday life—the shortage in certain goods, the existence of too much bureaucracy, or the unsuccessful labors of the government to wipe out "Sir" and "Madame" and the traditional Hungarian greeting, "I kiss your hand."

The most common jokes revolve around theft. Everyone behind the Curtain steals. The butcher puts his finger on the scale when he weighs the meat; if you buy three metres of some material you are lucky if you get two and three quarters; the miners stuff their pockets with coal; nurses take home absorbent cotton, druggists alcohol; factory workers smuggle out from the plant everything from tools to half-made products. Theft is so common that the thieves aren't tried any more in public courts. They are punished at their working place by losing their Christmas bonus or other privileges. On the stage, of course, all this is exaggerated and a worker will be shown presenting his wife with a locomotive for her birthday.

Actors are the most privileged citizens in a Communist country. They earn about twenty times as much money as the average citizen. For this, however, they have to work quite hard. Many theatres alternate two or three plays a week, possibly with the same actors. It is also customary for an actor to appear in more than one theatre the same night. There are no bad actors or not-so-good actors. Everyone who is allowed in the limelight is good even if he delivers only one sentence.

If they don't go to the theatre or some other entertainment place, people read. They do it in cafés, public parks, swimming pools; occasionally at home. They read mostly novels. This I could fully appreciate after one look into the Communist newspapers—they are unreadable. Fortunately they are very slim, but then how much propaganda, hatred of the West and statistical figures can one give to people daily?

Both newspapers and magazines lack any controversy or individuality. Whether it concerns politics, literature, sports or movies, what the Westerners do is bad while everything behind the Iron Curtain is good. One Communist, it seems, is not allowed to criticize another. If a swimmer comes in sixth in an international competition, the papers will say: "The best per-



formance was undoubtedly our So-and-so's. His style was superb, his technique breathtaking. Had he been just a little bit faster he would have won the first prize."

The strongest criticism I read was of a television show: "It was a wonderful, daring, delightful performance, which might have been even better if the camerawork hadn't been so fast and jumpy. But it was great, anyway, although it is hard to believe that one could shoot at a person from a distance of two metres and miss him. But this is irrelevant. It was well written, well directed. . . ."

Contemporary literature isn't much better. Everything — even a fairytale — has to be soaked in propaganda. However, the people are so used to this that they say it no longer bothers them. The writers belong to the privileged classes, too. They don't earn as much as the actors but they are given wonderful castles with huge parks where they can live and work undisturbed. Poetry is very much encouraged. Poets don't work for insurance companies or hardware stores; they write poetry. It pays quite well and nearly everyone reads it.

Next to criticizing the régime the greatest sin behind the Iron Curtain, I think, is to read a murder story. Luckily no one can be tempted, since murder stories are non-existent. To make its citizens read classics, instead, the Hungarian state has employed a cunning scheme. Before the Communists took over, thrillers used to be published in uniform yellow covers. They were called yellow books and were read widely, especially by the non-intellectuals. The yellow books still exist and look from the outside exactly as before, but behind the familiar cover a well-known classic is hiding. The Communists appear to figure that since the name Balzac or Dickens doesn't mean much to the average yellow-book fan he won't be discouraged by it.

The biggest complaint of people in Communist countries is that they can't travel. Everyone feels badly about this, even the most enthusiastic Reds, including those who have never traveled before and probably never would have. It must be hard for a Communist to understand why he is not allowed to visit a Western country where everything is so bad if in his own home everything is as good as he is made to believe. But then Communists must have a distorted logic and this probably helps them to understand why they aren't even allowed to travel freely in the satellite countries.

If a Czechoslovak wants to go to Hungary he has to have a very special reason for this, a reason at least as important as the death of a relative. For such an occasion he might get a passport. (Passports are valid only for one trip and no citizen can have more than one passport a year.) He also has to have a letter of guarantee proving that someone across the border is willing to take care of his expenses. Fake letters can be obtained in Hungary for a slight charge. To cover the expenses people smuggle violin strings and sweatsuits, both of which are cheaper in Czechoslovakia. Until last year the hottest thing was imitation fur pile — it didn't exist in Hungary — but seeing the great interest in it the state decided to deal directly with the Czechoslovak factory, which is willing to supply it for a better price than the smugglers did.

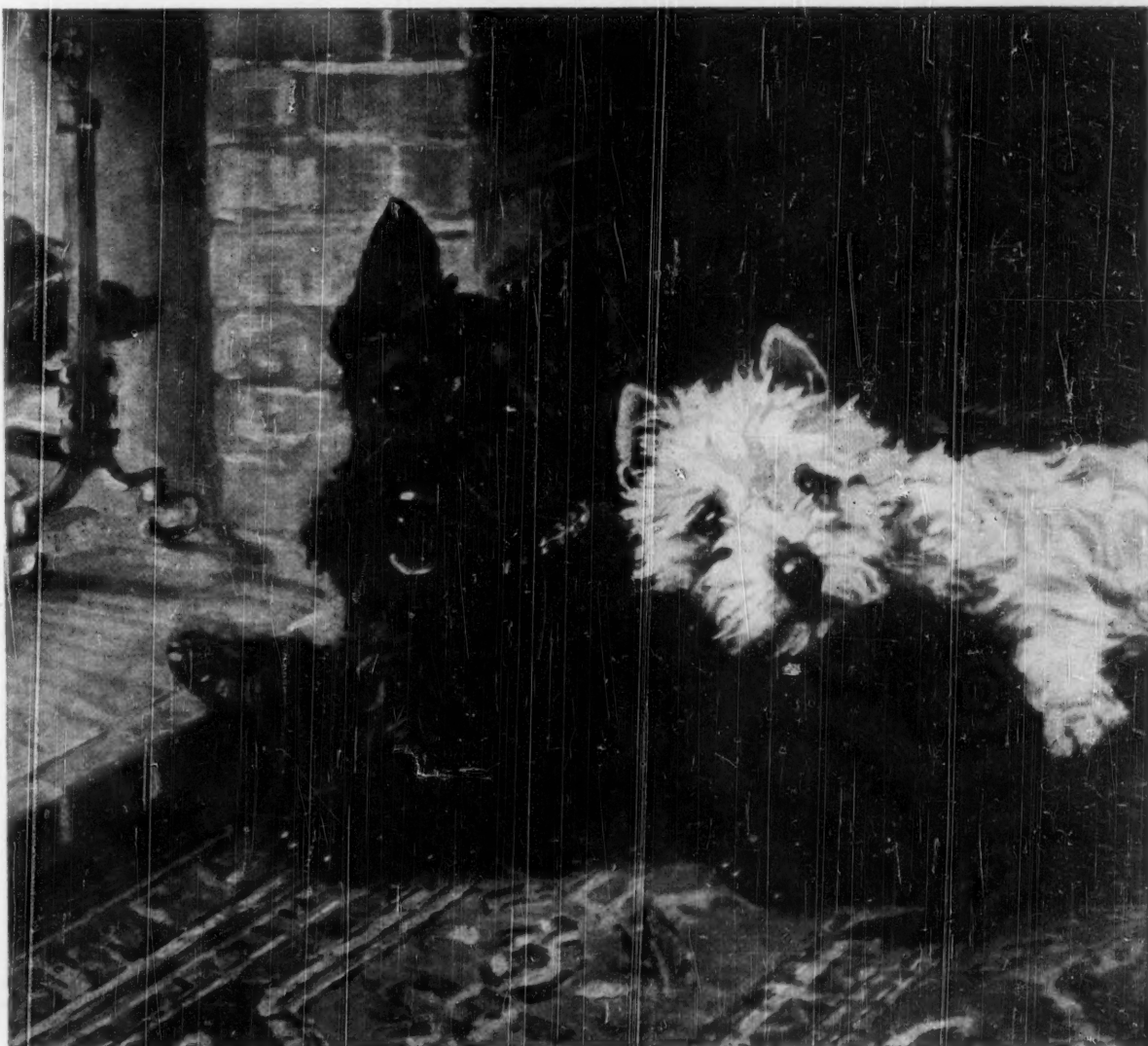
If a Czechoslovak has no dying aunts and still wants to travel he can take a guided tour and visit any country behind the Curtain without having to go through the passport routine. But a fortnight in Romania costs 5,000 crowns, for which the average Czechoslovak would have to work three to four months. There are

no more tours to Yugoslavia — the Dalmatian coast, which used to be the Communists' favorite vacationland, is off limits. This works both ways. Referring to Hungary or Czechoslovakia, the Yugoslavs say "behind the Iron Curtain." They are allowed to travel to the West if someone there pays for their expenses but "behind the Iron Curtain" they regard as prohibited territory.

But while border crossing is difficult, vacationing at home is easy. The vacation cult is one of the favorite hobbies of the Communist régime, which is im-

mensely proud of the fact that it offers its workers facilities that used to be available only to the rich. The summer resorts are nationalized and the most luxurious hotels are operated by the trade unions and reserved for organized tours. Most of the vacationing is organized. Instead of getting in touch with a hotel of his choice the citizen of a Communist country gets in touch with the person who is in charge of vacation affairs at his working place. From this person he will get a slip that entitles him to two weeks' vacation in a summer resort. He cannot choose the

place but he can be sure that he will be assigned to a good hotel, get plenty of food and adequate service and pay very little for it. And he will get even more for his money than the rich people used to, as several of my friends can verify. For instance he will get constant organized entertainment. At seven in the morning a loudspeaker will wake him (there is one in every room), wish him good morning, supply him with a little music and a little propaganda and tell him about the joyful activities in which he is expected to participate. From then on,



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until ten at night, he will never be left alone.

Many factories, offices and organizations have their own hotels and lodges. There are no loudspeakers there. Since most of the summer resorts in Czechoslovakia and Hungary are at the same time health resorts, a certain number of hotels are reserved for sick people who are assigned there by the National Health Service. The sick don't have to pay at all. It is not always necessary to suffer from some ailment to get such a reservation. Like everything else in that part of the

world, it depends on good connections.

Although it is less glamorous and more expensive, some people prefer to have a private vacation, especially married couples who, if the husband and wife work at different places, are unlikely to be assigned to the same hotel at the same time. Hotels that take in private customers are scarce but it is usually possible to rent a room from a family that lives in or close to a summer resort.

The staff that caters to the tourists is well trained and politeness is a party-prescribed must, but even so vacationing

in Communist countries can be very annoying. The elimination of private enterprise reduces everyone to a small cog in the machine. The cogs do exactly as much as they have to, and do it the way they were taught. If anything extraordinary happens there is no one with either the will or the authority to do something about it. If your train is late (trains so often are, I found out), and you miss your connection, if they sell you a ticket on a flight that does not exist, if there is a mix-up in room reservations, you become a ping-pong ball in the hands of extreme-

ly polite shoulder-shruggers who will all assure you that this matter does not come under their jurisdiction.

Another nuisance is that though everything is carefully planned — and over-organized—there is often little co-ordination between the planning and the actual need. If the state decides that the number of buses on route A should be doubled then the number will be doubled regardless of the fact that no one wants to travel on route A, while on route B the people are standing on each other's toes. Sometimes one almost gets the feeling that all this is done on purpose, to show the individual that his wishes and comfort are unimportant as long as it can be proved that the state has built twelve hotels and nine and a half swimming pools and the number of workers assigned for recreation has risen 26.3 percent in five years.

Whether they are on holiday or at home, most people behind the Iron Curtain look shabby. The state does not approve of this. Since Stalin's death communism has encouraged elegance. Wherever you look you will see posters of fashion shows. In certain places, I was told, the theatre programs carry big advertisements persuading the men to wear narrower pants. "We want our women beautiful and well dressed," is the new slogan in Hungary. A few of them are. My friend, for instance, to whom I had been sending my old clothes, was so elegant that I suggested that she should send her worn dresses to me.

A great part of the population is clothed, fed and supplied with all luxuries from television sets to nail polish by Western friends and relatives. There are special stores in every town (they are called Tuzex in Czechoslovakia and Ikka in Hungary) where Western and export products can be bought if someone in the West pays for them. In hard currency. It works like this: The Western relative pays a certain amount of money into a Tuzex agency in his own town. For this the Czechoslovak will receive a slip that entitles him to buy in a Tuzex store. Some prefer to sell their slips on the black market, which is unlawful but tolerated. Everything that means more dollars for the state is tolerated. Should a Czechoslovak citizen be found to have foreign currency he will be arrested immediately. Should he, however, manage to smuggle the dollars into one of the Tuzex stores no questions will be asked and he will be welcome to buy with them whatever he wants.

One cannot draw a comparison between the conditions behind the Iron Curtain and those in North America and credit or blame the Communists for the difference. There are not nearly as many cars or refrigerators there as here; but there never have been. On the other hand people there do go out more, they have more fun, more activities, more theatres and more and much nicer public swimming pools; but they always did have. It is true that some of them cannot have today all the refined forms of fun they used to, but it is just as true that many who did not have any fun before have lots of it today. Communism makes its people into liars, thieves and brainwashed automatons, but at the same time it does give to many advantages they did not have before. It does give them a certain kind of security and thus the time for play, it does give them culture, it does give them cheap recreation and, whatever form of amusement there may be, it is available to everyone.

"No régime," said a friend of mine in Hungary, "can be so bad that it should not have a few good sides too; and no régime can be so good that it can afford to close its eyes before that." ★

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U. S. Report continued from page 10

A vote that might please Democratic Action would probably draw the fire of Constitutional Action

they least expect it, suddenly have a bundle of money handed to them for campaign purposes. They are beneficiaries of an influential outfit called the National Committee for an Effective Congress. This body has observers who keep a close watch on all candidates for Congress. It is non-partisan and helps the men it considers best, whether they be Republicans or Democrats. The men it considers best generally favor freer trade, foreign aid, civil liberties and a vigorous defense policy. One of the candidates the NCEC has endorsed, Senator Wayne Morse, said in 1956 that the organization's help was "indispensable to my success." If two opposing candidates hold similar views on these subjects, the committee stays out of the picture. It also stays out of the picture if the man it regards as good has no chance of defeating the man it regards as bad. But if the two men are running neck and neck, the committee will do what it can to push the man it prefers into the lead.

★ The way you rate a politician all depends on your outlook. Americans for Democratic Action, "pledged to restore liberalism to the United States," recently gave Kennedy a rating of one hundred — a perfect score — while Americans for Constitutional Action, "dedicated to the preservation of the principles of the American Constitution," gave him a rating of only twelve. Each of these bodies, one liberal and supported by labor unions and a substantial assortment of intellectuals, and the other ultra-conservative and supported largely by wealthy businessmen, has a complex system of appraising

members of Congress. The systems are similar, since the first step in both is to determine which issues before Congress are "basic" and the value in points that should be attached to them. This done, congressmen are rated by the way they vote on the basic issues. But Democratic Action and Constitutional Action see things so differently that a vote that might win a man points from Democratic Action would probably prompt Constitutional Action to penalize him.

★ Federal Union Incorporated, a non-profit educational organization, is still hammering away at an idealistic scheme of world government. Temporarily, its goal is merely a federation of NATO countries, for it realizes that Russia and China may not care to join the federation right now, and that the NATO countries may not care to have them join. But the old dream of real world government, set out twenty-one years ago by Clarence Streit in his book *Union Now*, is cherished by many an American.

★ The Privazone Council of America, which I guessed in advance would be an idealistic group with a plan for promoting peace by dividing the world into zones, is actually a group of plumbers devoted to selling the idea that we should have more and better privazones. Privazone, translated, is bathroom.

★ OPEDA, which sounds like a word used by a magician to make a woman vanish from a locked cabinet, simply stands for Organization of Professional



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CHRISTMAS ANGELS

*How fast old Santa's friends
would sack him
If there were no dads
to back him.*

IDA M. PARDUE

Employees of the Department of Agriculture.

★ The Society of the Renaissance, which I guessed beforehand had been formed for the study of Renaissance art, is concerned, instead, with strengthening international amity by cultural exchanges, and bringing about a rebirth of "spiritual values and common sense" through "cul-

tivated intelligence, a boldness of art endeavor, intense civil life, and the praise and patronage of the creative individual."

★ The Commission on Accreditation of Service Experiences does not provide documentary evidence of the veracity of the tales veterans tell of hair-raising adventures in foreign theatres of war. Its prosaic function is to evaluate the courses a man takes in the armed forces in terms of civilian education.

★ The American Federation of Astrologers has members in twenty countries, and, by the reckoning of Paul R. Grell, the executive secretary, at least a thousand astrologers in the U.S. read horoscopes for a living. Grell assured me that their clients include famous congressmen, said that the Library of Congress has more books on astrology than on any other single subject, and claimed — contrary to accepted belief — that astrology

is the oldest profession in the world.

I called other associations—quite a lot of them—but I've mentioned enough to make the point that, to coin a phrase, they run the gamut from AAA to Zionist. There were a couple I wanted to call, but they weren't listed—one of them Living History, which makes the Washington papers once in a while because its members parade around in Civil War uniforms and refight the battles of the 1860s with blank cartridges, and the other a Committee to Eliminate Income Tax, which is a first-rate idea if it will work.

I met other frustrations in my day at the phone. AOPA's line was busy whenever I rang it, so I still don't know what it means, and when I rang the Biosophical Institute a metallic voice said: "I'm sorry, the number you have reached has been disconnected."

I thumbed through the dictionary for biosophy. It wasn't there. But you can't win them all. ★

Canada's final agonizing choice on nuclear arms


Continued from page 14

standable, because the Canadian government has already contracted for \$423,000,000 worth of military hardware capable of carrying atomic warheads. For our NATO infantry brigade we have bought the Honest John, a 762-mm ground-to-ground missile that takes a nuclear warhead. Our air division will have two hundred and fourteen supersonic CF-104s, the Canadian version of the U.S. Starfighter. The official definition of this aircraft's function is "strike reconnaissance," but in fact it is a medium-range bomber with Bullpup air-to-ground nuclear missiles carried under its wings.

All this new Canadian equipment will carry nuclear weapons. And, by the agreement of December 1957 mentioned earlier, Canada has already authorized the stockpiling of these warheads for NATO's use. (Under present American law, nuclear warheads must remain under U.S. control and can be released only by authority of the president of the United States.) Only one step remains to be taken, and at that step Canada has paused. Unlike all the other major allies in NATO, we have so far refused to sign an agreement with the U.S. for acquisition, in wartime, of the warheads that will make our new weapons effective. In short,



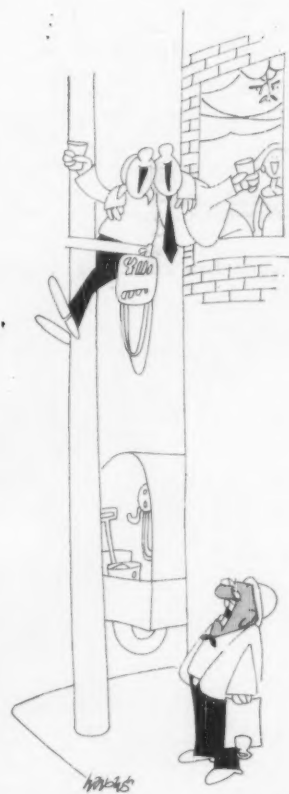
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"We're not going to fight a conventional war," said a Canadian officer, "because we couldn't win"

our nuclear weapons are not loaded.

When I visited the Canadian brigade at Soest, in central Germany, senior officers assured me that their troops carry out all manoeuvres as a nuclear army. The storage depots are already being built for the nuclear warheads that Canadian soldiers expect to use. When I asked one officer whether the brigade really had to have nuclear arms, he said: "You can use a razor without a blade, too, but it won't cut any whiskers."

Another Canadian officer told me: "The plain fact is that we're not going to fight a conventional war. We're not going to fight it, because we couldn't win it."

The purpose of war has changed. It's no longer just to destroy as much as possible of the enemy's armed strength. Now, your existence continues to be threatened unless you're able to smash the enemy's entire war machine at the very outbreak of hostilities. Thus the defense policy of both sides now rests on the threat to wipe out each other's populations, rather than mere armies. "It's silly to think that the Russians don't believe we'll retaliate, just because that amounts to a policy of suicide," I was told by one U.S. Air Force general. "It's perfectly rational to commit yourself to a response which, if the enemy crosses certain boundaries, amounts to mutual homicide."

NATO's function in this soul-chilling equation has been changing constantly since the alliance was established in April 1949. Until the recent switch to atomic weapons, NATO strategy has been based on the "sword and shield" concept announced by General Alfred Gruenther at Lisbon in 1952. The armies of the alliance were to have been built up to ninety divisions, a force powerful enough to hold back the first push by the hundred and seventy-five divisions that the Communists maintain west of the Ural Mountains. Behind this "shield" stood the "sword" of the USAF's Strategic Air Command—prepared, if necessary, to back up the NATO troops with attacks on the enemy's homeland.

But the ninety divisions never did materialize. France withdrew all but two of her divisions to the Algerian war. The West Germans delayed their contribution. The British left only a skeleton garrison on the Continent. It soon became obvious that Western politicians did not view the Russian threat as being serious enough for drastic action. The NATO shield became a sort of glorified border patrol able to do little more than signal the news of the Russian attack that would trigger off the thermonuclear deterrent of the U.S. Air Force.

At the annual heads-of-state conference in 1954, NATO's military experts were told to draw up a strategic alternative based on a leveling off of defense expenditures by the members of the alliance. The generals produced a foot-thick secret document called MC 70. It recommended the adoption of tactical nuclear weapons by the NATO troops as a means of what the military men called "graduating the West's deterrent."

Stripped of its jargon, this means that the NATO armies, by having nuclear weapons far less deadly than the city-obliterators in the bellies of the SAC bombers, would create a secondary deterrent—strong enough to discourage the Russians from attacking the NATO countries with their overwhelming land forces, but not powerful enough, if such an attack came, to engulf the world automatically in a thermonuclear holocaust. This plan was adopted in December 1957,

when the heads of NATO countries agreed to equip portions of their "shield" with tactical weapons that could deliver atomic warheads.

Few of the really thoughtful strategists who have studied the problem have much faith in the distinction between tactical (against enemy forces) and strategic (against the enemy's homeland) atomic weapons, even though battlefield nuclear weapons with an explosive yield of only a ton of TNT are now becoming available.

The supporters of the tactical weapons argue that they're the only way of taking war back to the battlefield. "They make the atom a weapon of precision and discrimination instead of a blind force of destruction," I was told by a general at NATO. "And don't forget," he added, "that the atomic bomb is already one war old; these weapons are really conventional now."

What frightens the opponents of tactical atomic weapons is that their adoption has, for the first time in history, placed two nuclear armies face to face. This confrontation greatly increases the risk that a minor border clash will mushroom into full-scale war. "Commanders will always tend to use every weapon they possess rather than risk their troops being overrun, and in that immediate concern are apt to lose sight of wider issues," the British strategist B. H. Liddell Hart has written.

Some military experts go even further and suggest that the nuclear armaments of the NATO "shield" and the corresponding weapons of the Communist armies provide a mechanism that guarantees the almost automatic outbreak of thermonuclear war. No individual would have to assume the dreadful responsibility for making the decision that begins World

War III. Battle would simply grow out of a border incident, decisions would follow one another; at no specific point would the obstacle of human conscience intrude.

To make tactical nuclear weapons a limiting influence on war would require some kind of gentleman's agreement with the Russians that they too will fire only the smaller-yield warheads. The Communists have instead repeatedly warned us that they will react to any use of nuclear weapons by the West in the NATO zone with all-out missile and bomber raids on Europe and North America.

This kind of analysis of the situation, reply the supporters of the tactical weapons, ignores the fact that NATO simply cannot do without them. Since we've been unable to raise the ninety divisions set as a minimum protection for the NATO section of the Iron Curtain, we must have and keep the only weapon that prevents the enemy from concentrating his numerically superior troops for mass attacks. "Were the shield force too weak to deal with an attack, the alternatives facing us would be either to accept defeat on the narrow ground of the enemy's choice, or risk a general war," says General Norstad, NATO's military commander. "If we have strength enough in our shield forces, the dilemma passes to the aggressor. It is the aggressor who then must choose between risking all or attempting nothing." He insists that only with a full range of deterrents can the West aim its defenses directly against the forces engaged in any area of aggression, enforcing a pause before the local clash develops into all-out war.

The controversy over the tactical atomic weapons continues, but another, far more serious issue is beginning to disturb the alliance. Norstad has a list of

objectives several hundreds of miles inside Communist territory he must be prepared to destroy as part of his defense strategy. At the moment, these targets are covered by Thors and Jupiters based in England, Italy and Turkey, but these missiles are in turn vulnerable to Russian rockets.

It is hoped that from 1965 on, Minuteman and Titan intercontinental missiles can cover the Communist targets directly from the U.S. But in the interval, Norstad says he must have a mobile, medium-range missile force available in Europe. At NATO's annual meeting this month, he will present a plan for distributing three hundred solid-fueled Polaris missiles—the weapons now being installed in American atomic submarines—throughout the European NATO countries. They would be mounted on constantly shifted barges and railway flatcars to escape the aim of Russian missiles.

The scheme is militarily sound, but politically even more contentious than the adoption of tactical atomic weapons. It makes nonsense of the "shield" concept on which NATO was founded. The Polaris has a range of 1,560 miles, and each one bears in its snout a thermonuclear warhead as powerful as that of the Atlas ICBM. The adoption of the Polaris would turn the NATO shield into a sword. When U.S. Defense Secretary Thomas Gates was reminded at a recent Paris press conference that the Polaris is a strategic rather than a tactical missile, he replied: "Too much difference is made between tactical and strategic weapons. We need one effort, one defense, one punch."

Norstad insists that the Polaris would be used only against tactical targets, never to bomb Russian cities, but the foreign ministers of western Europe are still afraid of the Russian reaction to turning their armies into offensively equipped forces.

As a sweetening device, Washington has hinted that it might be prepared to give NATO its nuclear independence. This would require a change in the law, and would place the nuclear warheads for the Polaris and tactical weapons under NATO rather than American control. It would also help to solve Canada's nuclear dilemma by giving the NATO Council of Ministers, where Canada has an equal voice, final control of the contentious warheads.

NATO's nuclear strategy is being realized much faster than most of the citizens of its adherent nations realize. One analyst has compared the process to a clock mechanism that the governments of the alliance wind and rewind with the support of a lagging public opinion, but whose actual motion, like that of time, eludes intervention.

On my last day at NATO headquarters I lunched with one of the men responsible for drawing up plans for the nuclear defense of western Europe. "Force by itself doesn't guarantee our future," he remarked, "but it does offer the possibility that there will be a future." We glanced at the fifty or more generals eating around us, their variously tinted uniforms giving the room more the atmosphere of a masquerade party than a military mess.

"Yes," said my companion, "it's a strange sight. But we must be ready. We must be prepared. We can't keep our heads in the sand, ignoring the realities no matter how unpleasant they are." Then he illustrated his point by quoting a Russian proverb: "The pig spends his life looking into the ground. He sees the sky for the first time at the moment when he is butchered." ★



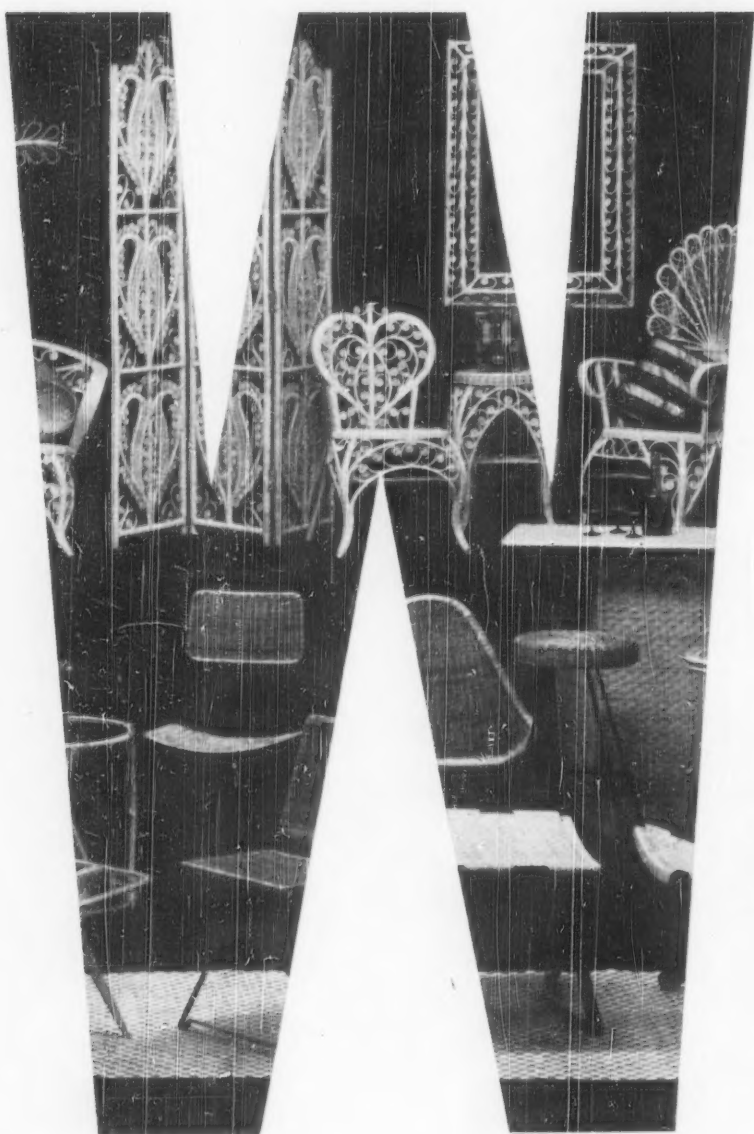
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Why the things you buy don't last

Continued from page 13

"If my car lasted twice as long, I could afford two or three cars," argues one critic of Detroit

producers of durable goods in particular could surely halve the loss."

Huddle disagrees with those who say this would strangle sales. "If all wood were routinely protected from rot," he says, "more could be used. If my car lasted twice as long, I could afford two cars or three." Romney, leading just such a crusade as Huddle calls for, thinks the current slowdown in sales stems from consumer resistance to prices pushed up by planned obsolescence.

This phrase confuses the issue. It lumps together genuine obsolescence—real innovation—with artificial or forced obsolescence. It spans widely differing shades of morality. It can mean redesigning a product merely to make the consumer unhappy with the model she already has, known as psychological obsolescence. It can mean "death-dating" a product, deliberately building in a breakdown. And it can mean giving the public only part of what you have, holding back an improvement to outdate the product on the market whenever its sales start to sag.

These are the methods by which business is said to seek its salvation. But fact and rumor are inextricably mingled. Is it true, for instance, as Vance Packard suggests in his new book *The Waste Makers*, that there are "overtones of manipulation" in the way that stereophonic sound was held back?

When a stereo method was patented in 1931 no company believed that its promotion would pay off. After the war, long-playing records and hi-fi boomed phonograph sales until the market reached saturation in 1957. That fall Decca Records (London) and Westrex (New York) demonstrated stereo to producers. Their engineers met twice but couldn't agree on which system to use. It was

winter when RCA Victor, by going ahead, swung the others to Westrex.

In early spring of 1958 one larger producer (who wasn't even yet in production) linked his name to the new development by announcing sets for sale—and the rush was on. Consumers Union, the world's biggest product research organization, tested 35 one-piece sets. Not one had real stereo effect. "Businessmen can't be sure what competitors are doing," says Martin Mayer, author of *Madison Avenue, U.S.A.* "The over-riding market necessity is to be early."

"I remember when du Pont announced 100 percent Dacron cloth," says Morris Kaplan, Consumers Union technical director. "They had suits made up and they advertised that you could go swimming in them. We were able to establish in one month that they were unsuitable—they now make them of Dacron and wool—so a company as big as du Pont could have done it." Rather than hold back improvement, he says, "manufacturers foist off products on the consumer before they're ready."

"I can't see any planned obsolescence of this kind," agrees Mitchell Cotter, CU's audio-testing chief. "But lack of sound engineering and irresponsibility toward the consumer result in unplanned obsolescence. There's a tendency for the manufacturer to take a devil-may-care attitude in the fond belief that he'll make it better next time."

Last year, when the Shell Oil Company brought out Oilprint, an easy method for telling when a car needs an oil change, a Shell official in the U. S. admitted, "Some of our people felt that this system might reduce oil sales . . . but it was decided to let the chips fall where they may. If the tests show the need for an oil change only every 4,000 miles,



MACLEAN'S

"I give up — what did you trade your collection of grasshoppers for?"

let them change it every 4,000 miles."

The second means to creative destruction, built-in failure, is "common practice," the AFL-CIO Digest claims. Those most frequently indicted are the makers of light bulbs, tires, car bodies, mufflers, TV sets and appliances.

"This area of possible planned obsolescence," says author Martin Mayer, "is so highly charged emotionally that it is virtually impossible to get accurate evidence of actual procedure." It is possible, however, to assess the quality of those products that industry's critics say have been debased.

"Light bulbs," says David Lees, consultant for Electrical Contractor, "had a capacity of 500 hours about twenty years ago. Now the standard bulb lasts two thousand hours."

"The average life of a first-line tire," says a B. F. Goodrich Company official, "is 25,000 to 30,000 miles, about the same as ten years ago. But a wheel then was sixteen inches. Now it's fourteen inches. Naturally the tire gets more wear. A car today is twenty-five percent heavier than ten years ago. Brakes are so powerful a child can stop three tons with her little toe—something has to give and it's not the cement. We've more horsepower, more superhighways, we drive faster, and heat breaks down rubber. Just to keep even we've had to develop new compounds, new tread designs, and electronic controls for mixing and curing."

Car bodies do last longer now

Car bodies last longer today, the Canadian Automobile Chamber of Commerce asserts, wherever corrosive chemicals aren't used on winter roads. "Unfortunately, the steels most liable to corrode are those easiest to fabricate," says Laurence Crooks, Consumers Union auto consultant and no apologist for the industry. "The auto companies could protect cars better and they say they're trying to. I think they're sincere. The ability to sell a new car depends on what happens to the old one."

In 1925 the average car ran 6.5 years and 25,750 miles before it was scrapped. In 1935 it ran 8.3 years and 58,000 miles. In 1941 it was 10.2 and 85,500. In 1956, the last figure available, it was 11.1 years and 104,000 miles. "We just traded in a cab at 140,000 miles," says Al Sadoff of the Diamond Taxicab Association in Toronto. "Considering the beating they take today—more traffic, more stopping and starting—we find cars better than they used to be."

The quickening corrosion of mufflers, accompanying the switch to high-octane gas, could undoubtedly be prevented—at a cost. But Chrysler, in 1955, offered a nickel-cadmium battery that lasted the lifetime of the car. At \$140 few people bought it. Only the second-hand-car buyer would benefit.

"An early RCA TV set, its 10-inch 630, was built like a battleship—it just didn't break down," says Karl Nagel, TV-testing chief for Consumers Union. "It reproduced the full picture just as it came from the station. Since then picture quality has worsened. Sound has been neglected, at least on table models. The only real improvements have been in picture size, stability and sensitivity."

Most certainly, RCA could make such trouble-free sets today. Tubes could be made to last many years, Nagel says. "But would they sell more sets if they did? I doubt if people would pay the price. For the money the 630 cost you can now buy two sets, with 23-inch screens and the look of a bookcase instead of a fridge." As Consumer Bul-

letin, another research organization, concludes, "It is doubtful if consumers want long-lasting products at the prices they would require."

The charges against appliance makers, seldom documented, appear to be based on the rising rate of breakdowns. Repairs now cost the average family from \$100 to \$150 a year, and Robert S. Geran of Kelvinator foresees the day when a family will budget \$500 a year for "servicing operations." But does this mean that manufacturers are degrading their products?

In washers tested, says Monte Florman, CU appliance-testing chief, "the number of recent failures due to poor quality control and components has run close to fifty percent." In comparison, "the non-automatic washing machine of twenty years ago ran, like the Model T, till it wore out."

Poor quality control in refrigerators, Florman says, was "practically unheard of until this year, when a third of all the new frost-free refrigerators tested had factory defects." Between 1955 and 1957, Hotpoint dealers complained of six or seven

service calls each on thousands of automatic laundry appliances.

Was this a Hotpoint policy of planned obsolescence? If so, it should have been relabelled "planned bankruptcy." To hold goodwill, the company earmarked \$10,000,000 for replacements and repairs.

A survey by the Maytag Company shows that the cost of replacing defective parts on automatic washers rose by thirty-two percent in the five years following 1955. In the same period the cost of replacing parts for electric dryers



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Washers are now so complicated "it's a marvel housewives can run them"

dropped twenty-eight percent. The simpler the machine, the fewer repairs.

Complexity rather than villainy seems to be the cause of high repair bills. Automatic washers have become so complicated that a Frigidaire executive says, "I marvel that housewives can run them." The frost-free refrigerator is a radical innovation. Last year there were only a few makes. This year all producers were selling them — stamped into copying the leaders. "It's inconceivable," says Florman, "that coming out so fast they could bring out a satisfactory model."

Some machines have control panels that would baffle a flight engineer. One new Westinghouse stove can be turned on from downtown by the housewife by telephoning home and dialing several extra numbers. Washers dispense soap powders, detergents, bleaches and rinse additives. "The wiring complexity is fantastic," Florman says. "If the serviceman's art could keep pace with the manufacturer's it would be okay, but it can't. The servicemen don't seem to get proper training, they're not well paid, and by the time they understand the 1960 model along comes the 1961 with a host of new problems."

Consumers annoyed by breakdowns are further aggravated when the serviceman tells them, "They don't make this part any more." Some companies stop stocking parts for models only five years old (though Maytag, staunch foe of planned obsolescence, stocks parts for a 1911 wringer-washer). The increasing number of models and their growing gadgetry are filling company warehouses with so many more parts that older lines must be discontinued sooner than in the early Fifties.

The situation is so serious that almost every company is stepping up its quality control. Hotpoint has quadrupled its budget for "torture-testing" washers. Whirlpool is trying out a device that records rough handling in transit. General Electric has set up big-city repair depots. "A full-line appliance company," says Herman Lehman, general manager of Frigidaire in the U.S., "is dependent upon satisfied customers for repeat business."

"No one plans the mechanical demise of a product," says Dexter Masters, CU director. "They don't put in a part to wear out when the guarantee lapses. They compare their bids on the part and decide on the cheaper one."

"The Machiavellian approach is too difficult," tester Mitchell Cotter says. "It's almost as hard to make it fall apart when the guarantee runs out as to make it good in the first place." No capitalist plot, but the pressure of competition, lies behind any cheapening of quality.

What is commonly termed planned obsolescence is often merely a technique for making the product seem obsolete, outmoding it in the consumer's mind by a style change. "Style," observes the Wall Street analyst Paul Mazur, "can destroy completely the value of possessions even while their utility remains unimpaired."

In 1947, Parisian shapemaker Christian Dior, backed by Marcel Boussac, the French textile magnate, deliberately dropped his skirt lengths so low that no housewife could re-hem her clothes. His New Look lifted the French textile industry out of a slump and supplied Detroit with the pattern for making a four-wheeled machine high fashion. By 1952 even such workaday goods as

washing machines were striving for the glamor that turns the New Look of today into the drab cliché of tomorrow.

The formula for destruction is the Annual Model Change, perfected by coups and failures, but still a gamble. To hedge the bets, Joseph Seldin, a New York consultant on advertising, says "Madison Avenue mounts an \$11 billion annual advertising barrage to sell consumers on the middle-class ethos that ownership of the up-to-date is *prima facie* proof of superior status."

The watch industry, which once boasted that "watches just won't wear out," is now plugging cheap new models to match one's wardrobe. Armstrong Cork has announced a program to antique floor coverings every five years. Pointed Italian toes are making other styles in women's shoes obsolete, along with their wearers' inclination for walking.

"Often only a superficial facelifting"

The idea underlying the model change is to date the product, preferably at a glance, to embarrass style-conscious customers into buying. To speed the process, four out of five furniture dealers in the U.S. now accept old furniture as trade-ins. Singer Sewing Machine, RCA Victor, Johnson Motors, the electric-shaver companies, even the makers of silverware, are all emulating Detroit's magic trade-in-your-old-model technique. "Camera makers," says Bertram Strauss, a CU division chief, "seem to feel that if they don't change models every six months—even every three months, it's as bad as that—they're going to be left behind."

"Sometimes these models represent significant improvements," says Fred Maytag II, chairman of the Maytag Company, "but most frequently they embody only a superficial facelifting." Says Louis Cheskin of the Color Research Institute: "Most design changes are made not for improving the product, either aesthetically or functionally, but for making it obsolete."

"We've seen it in our own business in almost everything we make," says Bernard Chapman, head of Kelvinator in the U.S. "Change a handle here. Modify a

shelf there. Call it next year's model."

Chapman recently lined up a number of major appliances in his office. "We showed comparable models a year or so apart, with brand identification hidden," he says, "and we asked . . . visitors if they could tell which were newer, and which were better. . . . We even confused a visiting dealer, who actually handled some of the lines shown."

The instigator of social unrest is the modern industrial designer, a combination of artist, seer, engineer and pollster, whose ideal is that jack-of-all-arts, Leonardo da Vinci. Even while the designer's new product is ringing the cash register, he is dreaming up another to outmode it. Working in an unpredictable realm of taste and prejudice, he strives to manipulate desire with fresh shapes and color.

In 1954 Frigidaire broke with precedent by unveiling pastel-tinted kitchen appliances. Research had indicated that color spurs spending. True enough, one of every three buyers of the new line already owned a fridge less than five years old. Color, concluded a company official, "will enable us to reduce significantly the trade-in span from eleven years to perhaps seven or even lower."

Changing size along with shape can jack up the "ticket" or price tag. The standard cars, which have added four feet to their length in three decades, are now so large that power steering is necessary. Dealers, the New Republic reports, are "chortling over the great expanse of curved glass. . . . The sun will poach the occupants and, it is hoped, boom the sale of air conditioners."

The limit of size having been reached, says U.S. designer Robert Cumberford, "it has become a commercial necessity for cars to be made smaller so that there may be some size change to be talked about." The new compacts, hailed as a breakthrough, he says, "are nothing more than a return to standard dimensions of ten years ago."

Often, designers are "running up and down stairs," as the garment trade terms the lifting and lowering of skirts. The Ivy League style raised men's lapels. Next year's British Look will lower



them. The Windsor collar, long out, is in again as the "Italian collar." Refrigerators have gone back to the shape of the old-fashioned icebox. The square two-story house is back in style.

A style change is more successful if the public can be persuaded that the new model does a better job. Thus Chrysler advertised the "aerodynamic" value of fins, although, says Doug Kaill, editor of Design Engineering and a one-time design engineer, "Stabilization isn't a problem until you hit about two hundred miles an hour."

The designer sells change and his role is growing fast. We had ten industrial designers in Canada ten years ago. Now we have about fifty, a quarter of them consultants. In the U.S., some 300 firms do a \$40,000,000-a-year trade, and one prominent practitioner, Richard Hamilton, pointing out that designers work up to five years ahead, proposes during this "time lag" to use "propaganda techniques . . . to design consumers to the product."

Consumers are conditioned in a small way now by the users of plastics and textiles, who since 1955 have coincided with curious consistency in their choice of "the" color for the year. Dwight E. Robinson, a University of Washington professor who studied fashion on a foundation grant, notes that "of recent years the styling divisions of the automobile manufacturers have established regular channels of communication with key people in the women's fashion trades." They, like designers of men's wear, can reach agreement on what to promote through their yearly association meetings.

Industrial designers, however, are waxing increasingly bitter at change for its own sake, at what they call "week-

end" or "in and out" styling. The dean of U.S. designers, Walter Teague, calls it "plain gypping." Says the eminent Walter Margulies, "Our role used to be to make products better, now it's to make them *sell* better."

An unnecessary change, they say, puts the cost of the product up. Retooling for a model change can cost the car industry up to one and a half billion dollars. "If they didn't spend so much on planned obsolescence," says Laurence Crooks, CU auto consultant, "they could afford more mechanical improvements."

Car makers say only three of ten buyers look under the hood. "Stylists don't want a lot of chrome either," says Virgil M. Exner, vice-president in charge of styling for Chrysler. "But every attempt I know of that has ever been made to strip a car, to take off its chrome, has met with failure."

In 1957 Buick and Oldsmobile were given added body strength by two pillars that split the rear windows. People thought they looked old-fashioned, sales shrank, and the pillars vanished. Chrysler Corporation, in 1956, brought out a "sensible" car, one minus chrome and body overhang. Its share of the market dropped to fifteen percent. Next year, Exner unveiled his Forward Look, longest, lowest car on the road. Sales boomed back up to 19.5 percent so fast that Chrysler left it unchanged in 1958. Result: its share of the market dropped again.

People buy "excitement," Exner feels. They're "lazy and pushbutton-happy," a Ford executive says. Ford's "Cellini of chrome," vice-president of styling George Walker, says, "We figure that eighty percent of all car purchases are decided on by women. A woman is

DIM VIEW

*It's way past the hour to read,
But here I sit sleepily scorning
A thought that can only lead
To getting up in the morning.*

THOMAS USK

naturally style-conscious . . . she wants beauty on wheels."

The Harvard Business Review poll of 3,100 executives shows that nearly half think eleven to twenty-five percent of all durable-goods sales depend on styling. "You couldn't maintain a good dealer organization without annual models," says H. N. Muller of Canadian Westinghouse. "The dealer would say, 'The other fellow has something to talk about and we haven't.'"

The higher sales from annual styles more than pay for the cost of retooling, says John F. Gordon, president of General Motors. By creating new challenges each year, says Herman Lehman of Frigidaire, it has sharpened competition and made it possible to sell a 1961 11-cubic-foot refrigerator for \$122.80 less than a 1951 model of the same size.

From the businessman's view, design has one function—to increase sales. This gives us manufacture for sale, not manufacture for use. "In order to get the effect of stereo," illustrates David M. Ness, Consumers Union publications director, "you need six to ten feet between speakers. At the same time, market research shows that consumers want a package. So far we have very little stereo."

"When a styling feature vies with a practical feature," auto consultant Laurence Crooks says, "styling usually wins."

Manufacturers seem guilty of making what most people want. Is this reprehensible? Are morals involved? Is function, then, more ethical than beauty? Can the standards of depression remain those of a boom? In a mobile, constantly changing world, is durability the supreme value?

"Back in the Twenties our manufacturers built hand lawnmowers to last," says Canadian designer Ernie Orr. "They used to boast you could kick them downstairs and it wouldn't hurt them. In the early Fifties, English lawnmowers started to come in. They were smaller, lighter, two-toned, with red wheels and tubular handles. Within three years our hand-lawnmower makers were out of business. A product can be over-designed."

The columnist for Home Furnishings Daily, Raymond Reed, points out that the makers of loom-woven carpets lost eight or nine million square yards of business a year by "insisting upon supplying a carpet that would wear 30-40 years for a vehicle that would wind up on the scrap heap in five or six." The morality involved would seem to be waste.

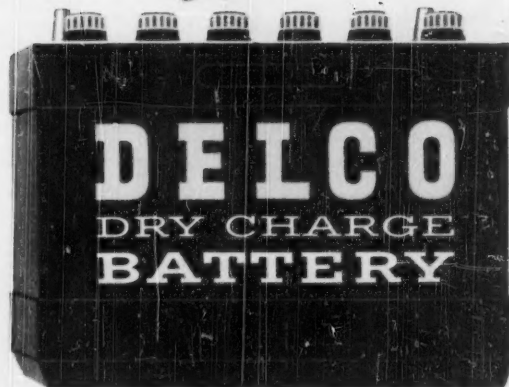
Is it wasteful, as some claim, to out-mode goods before they're outworn? No, says designer Brooks Stevens, defender of style obsolescence, "because used articles are not generally discarded or thrown away . . . They move into the used-product market to reach someone of lesser purchasing power in a much finer condition than the subsequent buyer could otherwise afford." It is, in effect, a redistribution of wealth.

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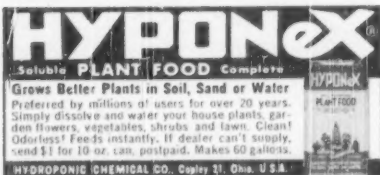




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"If we have a secret weapon to unleash on the stagnant, drab, faceless society that worships massism, it is the ability to change," says Bay Estes, a vice-president of U.S. Steel Corporation. "Eighty percent of our products weren't on the market ten years ago," Orr says. "Unless you're always changing, your product will fall behind, and then you've got to compete on price and you can't—the other fellow's got the volume. Today we find security in change."

"The furniture business is in a bad way," says Canadian designer John Brook. "because it didn't make more people unhappy with what they had. Singer Sewing Machine is in financial trouble because it had no sales philosophy and two new products captured its market. You can't hold back ideas."

U.S. companies are spending five billion dollars this year to conceive and develop new ideas. "It is innovation alone," declares economist George Terborgh, "that has created the capital goods that are the object of investment and without which we would still be living in caves." Now that needs have been met, businessmen must create desires. Giving the customer what he wants is no longer good enough, for no one knows what he wants until he sees it.

But real innovation is a risk. Big manufacturers often play safe by copying the competition, by frittering away their research funds on gimmicks and small style changes. "Obsolescence is all well and good," said business writer Charles Krauss, after a 1958 tour of U.S. appliance plants, "but the industry hasn't been producing it."

Does this lie behind the so-called consumer rebellion, which has prompted General Motors and Ford to extend their new-car guarantees to twelve months or 12,000 miles? American Motors, Maytag and Philco are betting it does. They've renounced the annual model change. They will now bring out new models only when they can offer an improvement.

"We know that when the word 'new' is added in a big yellow patch to a package, it generally increases sales," says Gordon Lippincott, co-chief of a large New York design firm. "But we suspect that the consumer is beginning to have doubts. . . . The consumer has seen the big yellow patch shouting 'new' too often on too many products that were really not new." This is the reason the Edsel car flopped, Lippincott thinks. Puffed as a brand-new car, it was just "a new configuration of chrome."

For the manufacturer the issue is real versus phony obsolescence. Proponents of the annual change contend that yearly deadlines put pressure behind the search for improvement. Opponents say that setting up new sources of supply, new machine tools, new advertising campaigns leaves little time to study new materials or new processes, to pursue the basic research that brings the breakthroughs. It makes the engineer, on whom quality depends, little more than a pushbutton for the sales staff.

"As individuals we need a real sense of purpose in our work," says Bernard Chapman of Kelvinator, "and it is difficult for a man to get a sense of purpose out of a laborious contribution to a doodle."

When a designer works by the calendar, says Richard Latham, a top stylist, "he begins to run short of acceptable variations. Then, little by little, he is pushed into creating ridiculous changes. When consumers recognize this, styling ceases to motivate them to buy."

Chapman points to the automobile tailfin as the most revealing example.

"What caused a great and resourceful industry to pour hundreds of millions of dollars into such a meaningless device? There is only one answer . . . the industry gradually created a Frankenstein out of annual models. Under competitive pressure to make the product appear different each year as each company got on the forced-draft obsolescence bandwagon, the makers began to resort more and more to sheet-metal additions and convolutions."

All fashions end in excess, as Paris couturier Paul Poiret once said, and in 1958, the year of the tailfin, sales of standard American cars dropped thirty percent while sales of the smaller and more economical foreign cars soared.

In Washington last May most of the hundred women at the third National

Congress on Better Living called on manufacturers to chop frills and raise quality. A survey of 2,002 Chicago housewives last year showed that they expected their stoves to last 15.8 years, refrigerators 14.7, washers 12.1 and TVs 8.5.

"A basic change has taken place in the nature of conspicuous consumption," says American Motors president George Romney. "People no longer want new products as status symbols. Now they look for other things—a swimming pool, maybe, or a trip to Europe."

In this statement lies the issue for the consumer. Is our higher spending giving us a higher standard of living? If we ignore durability are we buying improvement instead—more comfort, convenience or fun—or an illusion? ★



McGraw-Hill

MACLEAN'S

"John's under sedation. He only got third prize in the neighborhood house decorating contest."

- ✓ One couple's joy with their adopted Indian child
- ✓ Why the VoW believes in leaving politics alone

My husband and I have read with the greatest interest and enjoyment the article, "We adopted a Negro" (Nov. 19), and are so glad that the Open Door Society is being given more favorable publicity. We adopted a three-month-old baby girl who has Indian blood. She is now just two, is a most delightful child (we are, of course, biased) and has been accepted completely and with the utmost kindness and affection in our parish and community. Not only has she given us a great deal of happiness but also the opportunity to do something to break down whatever racial prejudices exist in this part of the country — although I must say in this district, at least, people seem to be most tolerant in this respect. We have been waiting most impatiently for nearly two years now for a baby boy of any racial background. — MRS. JANE WATSON, COBDEN, ONT.

I hasten to write to correct a wrong impression left, innocently no doubt, in "We adopted a Negro." The author speaks of a Negro friend having "to leave the country to get his (dentistry) degree." This is simply not so, at least not in all parts of the country. I am well aware that our medical and dental schools practise discrimination under the quota system, but Dalhousie University, to my own knowledge, most certainly does not exclude Negro students in dentistry. I mention this, not to give credit for what should be quite normal, but for the information of Negro students who may wish to enter dentistry and who may have been misled by the article. — H. R. HATHWAY, ARMDALE, N.S.

The women's voice

Whereas the Voice of Women is very appreciative of the recognition which Maclean's has given our movement for peace in Preview (Nov. 19) there are certain inaccuracies to which I would like to draw your attention.

First, I am the chairman of the UNA Committee for UNESCO, not the president of UNICEF. (I am on the national committee but Mrs. Jean Arnold Tory is the national chairman.)

Second, with regard to membership figures: there are now close to 1,000 paid-up members; the present rate of growth is more than 500 members a month; more than 4,000 new enquiries have been received; over 100 VoW groups have been formed from coast to coast, and in ten major cities local executive committees are in the process of formation. Only six women have dropped out, and they withdrew before VoW was officially established.

Your reporter has given the impression that there is some disagreement between myself and other members of the VoW Central Committee as to the objectives of VoW. This is not true. My remarks, about a conference which would be specific on political issues, did not refer to the objectives of VoW, which does not plan to set up such a conference. Such organizations as the National Committee for the Control of Radiation Hazards and the Toronto Disarmament Committee are planning a national conference along

these lines, in which VoW will doubtless participate. . . .

Your reporter also implied that VoW's program was "vague," and in his enquiries persisted in trying to interpret our proposals in terms of political issues, thereby failing, we believe, to grasp the nature of the movement, which has the ideological objective of "creating peace in the minds of women and men" (to paraphrase the preamble of the UNESCO charter). — HELEN TUCKER, PRESIDENT, VOICE OF WOMEN, TORONTO.

The men who fight insects

I would like to offer some criticism concerning your Preview about anti-insect viruses (Oct. 22). Dr. Smirnoff, whom you credit with a virus that kills the larva of the jackpine sawfly, has been working in this field only three years and all this time under the direction of Dr. F. Theodore Bird of the National Insect Pathology Research Institute at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. Furthermore, Dr. Bird has used a number of virus diseases to control insects successfully since 1940. . . . It also must be pointed out that viruses are not "developed" but occur as natural parasites in animal and plant populations and man's hope is to manipulate these to his advantage. — GORDON R. STAIRS, NATIONAL INSECT PATHOLOGY RESEARCH INSTITUTE, SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.

The original corvettes

I enjoyed your Flashback by Terence Robertson on the "brave corvettes" (Oct. 22) for it brought back many memories — some pleasant, others not so. I believe there was one slight inconsistency, however, in the opening paragraphs. There were three original Flower-class corvettes commissioned in Vickers in Montreal in November 1940. The Trillium was the one not mentioned and became the senior ship of the three that formed the original transfer of corvettes to the U.K. — for these first ones were destined for the RN, even though they never ended up with the RN and were manned from beginning to end by Canadian seamen. The Trillium, on which I made that original crossing, stayed with the bulk of the convoy and journeyed to the U.K. by the great northern route — taking sixteen days to make the crossing. . . . Contrary to Mr. Robertson, the ships were not fitted with dummy guns for the maiden voyage. Our armament was six depth charges and a stripped Lewis and during our crossing we built a wood gun on the foredeck. I don't know when the Windflower and Mayflower acquired theirs, but it was not before they left Halifax. We practically lived on the foredeck — taking turns sleeping over the engine-room gratings, for these ships were not heated, and the mess decks were almost constantly awash with about six inches of salt water, tea and assorted flotsam and jetsam. We anchored off Greenock two days before Christmas after having been on "iron rations" for over a week. To the everlasting credit of our "Jimmy," he spent his own money in providing us with some semblance of a Christmas dinner — fowl and most of the trimmings, even decorations for the mess deck. — JOHN L. IDESON, ST. CATHARINES, ONT. ★

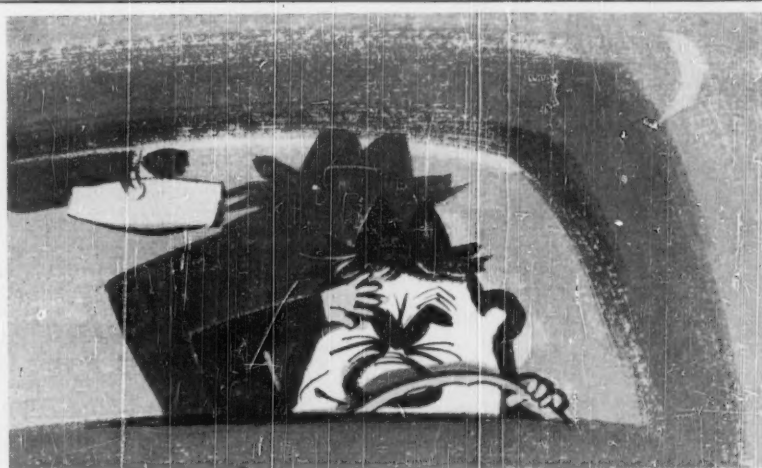


As far back as 1781, the windjammer with its cargo of rum from the West Indies made its first landfall at Penzance, a tiny seaport in England, where Mister Lemon Hart conducted the now world-famous business in rum. Through the centuries, Lemon Hart has been recognized as the finest of all imported rums.



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**DRIVE
SAFELY**



The Holiday Season is a special time when families draw together, reaffirming well-loved customs and fundamental beliefs. It is a joyful, eager time for the children, rich with make-believe and laughter—for their elders a time of pride and pleasure, of memories of things past and imagining of things to come. It is a time of gratitude, compassion, hope and faith. Gratitude for the many blessings on this land and for trials withstood. Compassion for the less fortunate. Hope for a better world of peace and justice. Faith in our ability to grow and to build. For our way of life is a good one—strong and free and full of promise—and one in which we may rear our children with confidence. It is in this spirit we of New York Life, whose privilege it is to serve so many Canadian families, extend to all our warm greetings and best wishes this Christmas season.

New York Life Insurance Company.



Parade

Here's to Christmas, all gold and mauve

We wish all Parade readers a merry Christmas and trust that the old and the ill in Penticton, B.C., will get a better deal than they did last year when the Herald headlined: "Sick, aged, jailed to mark Christmas." Although some economists aren't too cheery about 1961, we have faith that Birks' branch in Saskatoon will again dress their Santa Claus in gold coat, ermine trim and white velvet trousers. And we hope that on Toronto's Yonge Street, A. J. Siggner the Unpainted Furniture Man will again dress his doorway for Christmas with two Christmas trees—painted mauve.

* * *

Families with a father who has everything might take a tip from the loving home in Norwood, Man., where Christmas dawned last year without a single present on or under the tree addressed to dad—but the biggest darn thing you ever saw swaddled in Christmas wrappings in the corner. Unveiled, it was a cement mixer—to help finish that dock at the cottage—and out of its red metal mixing bowl poured all the rest of pop's gifts.

* * *

The approach of the glad season has stirred a dark guilt complex in a Toronto woman who helped out at Eaton's last madhouse time. She was faced by one frazzled shopper who announced truculently that she wanted to buy "a pair of panties—any kind." All queries regarding preferred color, style, or even size were rejected with the blunt explanation, "Anything you like, in a gift box. I can't stand my sister-in-law and as long as there's a

phone." The Lion not only produced a dime, he deposited it in the nearby phone, dialed the number as instructed, handed over the receiver, and then eavesdropped as the youngster shouted, "Hello, Mum—it's Steve. Is it okay to spend my quarter on cokes and chips?"

* * *

All hunters' wives have to make allowances when the duck fever hits their men-folk. However, this Winnipeg woman's curiosity was certainly intrigued, a few



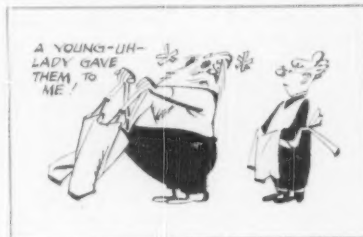
weeks back, when she heard an enthusiastic "quack-quack" emanating from the bathroom. Peeking in she found her husband taking a bath and testing his new decoys at the same time.

* * *

An Ottawa scout got the surprise of her bus-riding life the other evening. It was the tail end of the five o'clock rush. She was sitting there weary and hungry and wishing she was home and the well-dressed woman next to her was staring absent-mindedly out the window probably lost in similar thoughts. Then the bus stopped, the woman by the window suddenly realized it was *her* stop, shouted "Oh blast!"—and stepping up onto the seat leaped right over our Parade scout and dashed off the bus.

* * *

We're certain no honest Newfoundlander would kid us at a time like Christmas. So we believe this Parade spy's sworn report that a fellow worker in Grand Falls toted home a raffled turkey so huge that on top of his two-bit raffle ticket he had to fork out \$7.50 for a new roasting pan large enough to hold it. When it turned out the new roasting pan wouldn't go into the family's compact-size stove the lucky winner doggedly went back downtown and paid \$275 for a new stove that would fit it. Anyway, like we said, Merry Christmas.



parcel for her to open that's all I care." The inexperienced clerk conferred with the already frantic manager who rolled his eyes and suggested, "Get our biggest pair of outsized black bloomers and wrap them up." So she did, but she's never stopped wondering how it all turned out.

* * *

The Lions Club in Beloeil, Que., stages an annual "Children's charity show" for which the entrance fee is one tin of canned food to go in Christmas hampers. During the show one six-year-old approached a friendly Lion and exclaimed, "Excuse me, sir—I've got to call my mother but I haven't a dime for the

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 17, 1960

